

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1841.

Original.

## POPULAR PREJUDICE.

"He is not popular," is a phrase which we often hear bandied from mouth to mouth—and let us remark, that this repetition is one of its most mischievous accidents. It is an *unfriendly* phrase, and extremely insidious; for as it specifies no hostility, conveys no particular objection, and prefers no positive charge; so it calls for no defense—admits of no redress. Yet is it in itself a body of censure, an element of unfriendliness. And let not him who would nicely guard his moralities wantonly pass the word, the heartless, the censorious, the ill-natured expression, "He is unpopular"—a phrase full of bitterness and suffering to its victim—suffering, in many forms. By hindering his business, it ruins his fortune. It is of yet deeper injury to his morality; for where censure is unmerited, (and in *degree* it is almost always so,) it destroys *confidence*. After our rest in God, (and our conscience goes along with that,) the next sustaining principle is man's confidence and sympathy with *his kind*; and discouragement here works bitter mischiefs to the sufferer—and let me here observe, by its natural reaction, injury to the public also. It is not always, nor often, that this evil is wrought by a persecuting spirit, or by any overt act of malice. Many who neither reflect nor feel upon the subject, are yet the communicating medium of the evil. When in a country of eastern despotism they read of the poor Pariah, they abhor the tyranny that has made him such, and yet more do they wonder at the public that suffers it to be so; how much surprised were they to be told that the proscribed man of our own community is reduced to something like the same relation to society, and that *they* have assisted in his downfall. Ponder here, and particularize the individuals who censure him! Are they superior to him? are they in *all respects* equal to him? Ponder again, and see if it is your *own* opinion, or the opinion of another that you proclaim. If of another, see whether you confess his superiority by allowing him to dictate opinions to you? Examine for yourself; make one effort—one strong, virtuous effort, to disenthral yourself from the bondage of popular censure, though you be like Abdiel,

"Amongst the faithless, faithful only he."

Dare to assert yourself—give the hand, the heart, the word, as far as you should, to the proscribed man—so shall you approve your own independence—so shall you cherish the oppressed—so shall you assert and attain to the supremacy of truth.

I have in my particular view a gentleman of high feeling—a gentleman by birth and breeding—a scholar, a public-spirited citizen, a warm-hearted friend and helper. What is imputed to him? Nothing; but "he's unpopular." But look at the man, and judge

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for yourself. I do concede, that perhaps in the flush of fortune he was a little elated and a little vain; that perhaps he *talked* a little more about what he well understood, that is, the *style* and *tastes* of luxury. But not more than others did he *indulge* and *practice* them. These surely were venial weaknesses, when we do assert there was no overbearing or hardness in his day of power. If any indiscretion of expense in his failing means is imputed—and this we concede—no one who knows the man will urge the idea of sinister purpose. He is sanguine and obliging, and he *hoped* in the turn of things, even in these disastrous days; and *expected* help where he ought to have found it. If he was disappointed and deceived, was he very guilty? Look closely at the man yourself, and see if there is a single ingredient that goes to the making up of a villain? Is he hard-hearted? Is he selfish? Is he avaricious? Is he crafty? Is he usurious and over-reaching in his bargains? Is he short-coming in his charities? No, no, no, none of these things. What then? Does he lie? Is he profane, a debauchee, or a libertine? No, none of these. He is a good husband, father, master, friend—all these points we mean to the standard ratio of common life. We wish not to panegyryze, but to examine. Let us now sum it up. In the private relations of life he is good. He is a true and honorable-minded citizen, who yet has been enthralled by luxury, and knows not how to break away from the expensive habits of years, after the ability to afford them has ceased to be his; and he *owes* some, many *debts*, which he intends and wishes to pay. And this is the sum total of his defection! Why then is *he* to be denounced more than others of his large class? Is it because *his* means have failed, whilst theirs have held out? Doubtless his *belief* in a sufficiency was as strong as theirs, and *seemingly* as well grounded. In suffering the disappointment, must the bitterness of reproach be added, or harder to be borne, the coldness of neglect? whilst others more faulty than himself shall point the finger and sign the conscription, rebutting every effort he would make to recover himself, by that phrase of evil augury, "He is unpopular." But that hard, unkind, impugning phrase, the very expressed essence of uncharitableness, shall, if wisely received, in its excess *work its own cure*; for it is in itself an—ostracism. C. M. B.

"In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house."

Original.

## DEFECTIVE EDUCATION.

MR. HAMLINE,—Sir—I sincerely congratulate you on the success of your "Repository." A few days since, I was gratified with seeing some of its numbers, for the first time. I find its pages filled with interesting matter, particularly on the subject of education. Our college and school systems, with their excellences and defects, are treated upon at large, and many valuable hints suggested for their further amendment. Indeed, in this our age, the public in general, and our own community in particular, are so alive to this important subject, that there will be a heavy sin visited upon our children, if they are not wiser in their generation than their parents, who were born and lived in comparative darkness ere the sun of science had attained a sufficient altitude to *warm or enlighten* them in scientific research. But is it the fact that the moral and mental improvement of the young *does* keep pace with the aids furnished them? I am sorry to say, that I decidedly think it does not; and the object of these remarks is to provoke a reply, through the Repository, from some one better acquainted than myself with the hindering causes.

Were I to suggest a reason, I should say it is mainly attributable to the want of *parental discipline*. The child, amenable to no control *at home*, will illy submit to be tasked at *school*; or if she (for I now speak of girls) find herself unavoidably controlled by the conventional habits of the school-room, and *appear* to submit, it is not a cheerful submission, and therefore avails little. Her *spirit* is in rebellion—her attention is not secured, and she has resigned neither her will nor her purpose. In all my experience of schools, which is considerable, I have uniformly remarked, that those who are the best governed at home, make the greatest proficiency at school. Let children be early taught to consider education a *privilege*, and not an established *custom*, from which they cannot escape; convince them that it cannot be attained without application; that if they would be distinguished, they must be both bidable and studious, and the foundation is laid for a well-bred young lady and a ripe scholar. But these lessons are most effectually learned from parents, as well as all those little courtesies of life, from which alone we can form a favorable judgment, particularly of the stranger, and in which modern tourists to our country have said *our youth* are so *deficient*. A want of respect to the aged, is another sin laid to their charge, and I think, not *unjustly*. I have often had occasion to remark, in traveling, particularly in steamboats, the selfishness of the young, manifesting itself in availing themselves of *all* the conveniences of the cabin—rudely monopolizing sofas, rocking-chairs, &c., sometimes even to the disregard of the invalid.

I heartily wish some able pen would write an article upon the subject that Hannah More suggested, namely, "*The Law of Consideration*." I do not say that this defection is *universal*. I acknowledge the exception of every *well-bred* young lady. I subscribe myself,

Yours, &amp;c.,

"TACITA."

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Original.

## LADIES AND ROMANCES.

FEMALES are naturally sentimental. Defective education renders them still more so. When they escape from the schools they have a slight acquaintance with grammar, rhetoric, and history. As to French, they know nothing of it to their profit. They can paint a little, and make a noise with the piano; but not one in one hundred should in decency practice either. There are a few exceptions from this reproach, but it were bold to deny that the general rule is as above stated.

What is to hinder such females, with tempers purely sentimental, from devoting themselves to the perusal of love tales? The stupid novelist brings out his sickening productions, destitute of literary value, and of the merit of invention, for generations of just such females. His office is to corrupt their hearts and render them fools. And women enough can be found who will spend whole days and nights, regardless of the sacred duties of wife and mother, to feast on these productions. The understanding is thereby enfeebled, and reduced almost to idiocy by this self-destroying process. But the passions are cultivated, and the fair one becomes all sentiment and song. Love ditties, reciting painful and tragic successes or disappointments, become the music of the heart and lip, and one born to be an angel is converted into a weak, silly thing, attractive only while she sits still, winks, smiles, and says nothing. Think now how many of the forms of beauty, grace, levity and folly, that throng our streets, our drawing-rooms and our churches, attach themselves to novel reading as the great business of their lives. Is it not a melancholy prospect for the country, that mothers so full of sentiment and romance are to train the future generations of this republic?

As I glance from my window into the garden, I have before my eyes a mortifying illustration of the truth of these remarks. There is Beatrice Somerville, just out of her teens. The necessity was imposed on me to watch her education, and I have observed with pain the gradual development of her mental habits under the very regimen which I here condemn. To the eye she is beautiful, and her countenance is radiant with the light and glow of genius. One can see at a glance that nature richly endowed her not only with the graces of person, but with energy and sprightliness of mind. But alas! fashionable education has thwarted the kind intentions of Providence, and she too is ruined. Up to the age of ten she was a scholar. Her mind industriously gathered to itself the little stores of science which were suitable and possible to be acquired at her tender age. Then was the time to begin *polite accomplishments*. The pencil employed her the first session, and though it slackened her zeal in severer studies, she still made progress. Another term introduced her to the music-master; and from that time she neither lost nor gained in the sciences, but nearly stood still. The next session she commenced lessons in dancing, and thenceforth her school-books were distasteful. She could turn with some relish from painting to music, or



from music to dancing; but she could turn from neither to grammar or algebra. The *five* would not mix together. As usual, there was a contest between her and her teacher. The authority of her widowed mother was called in, and when she appealed to me, I counseled as follows: "Let Beatrice delay her dancing lessons anyhow for the present, for they are not important; and if dancing must be acquired, let her wait two years. As she has no ear nor voice for music, let her give that up for ever. Let her use the pencil, because she has a genius for it and it will not interfere with her studies." This proposition pleased neither the mother nor the child. Both agreed that they might as well be out of the world as out of fashion, and Beatrice pursued polite accomplishments, to the neglect of literature and science, and greatly to the detriment of her education.

Another evil followed. She had much leisure on her hands; and to fill up her vacant hours, she commenced novel reading. From the age of eleven to seventeen she accomplished almost nothing, except to paint, sing, dance, and read fictions. The consequence was, that she herself became a fiction. Could you see and converse with her one day, you would confess that this is no exaggeration; and unless a great change comes upon her, she will remain a fiction through life.

I had not seen Beatrice for three years when she came to pay us a visit. My concern for her character and fortunes led me carefully to mark her behavior. The morning of her arrival was damp and chilly. This was the avowed cause of a fit of the "blues." Though politeness demanded cheerfulness, she sunk into the horrors; and instead of an effort at concealment, seemed purposely to make a show of her unhappiness. She was affectingly "low spirited." In an hour all the means of entertainment within reach of the family were employed to rouse her, but in vain. The more we consoled her, the less she was consoled. At last she found way to the library, where she discovered an old, neglected copy of the "Children of the Abbey," which she said she had not read for more than a year. This restored her to good nature. But she read it all during the night, and not finding another novel in my library, she was the next day as bad as ever. She has now been with us three weeks. My neighbors have been called on to contribute books for her amusement, and she has borrowed and read some twenty volumes of fictions of the baser sort. When she has no books to entertain her she sinks into despondency, and nothing but another novel can restore her. During her stay with us, she has not been known to touch a volume of history, travels, biography, philosophy, science or literature. She particularly lothes them, and wonders how any body can have patience to write or read them. But I see her coming from the garden, and she is now, I fear, in one of her sentimental moods. Such is Beatrice. What must that woman be, who goes about training a child to such a wretched, undone state? And which of my readers is anxious or willing to reach such a state?

"But then she is accomplished!" Yes, she *is* accomplished. She can dance with grace and spirit; but fortunately or unfortunately, she resides where opportunities do not occur but twice in a year to display her powers in skipping and jumping. She can paint; but it is two years next Christmas since she painted for young Herkimer, her beau, a watch-paper, and she has attempted nothing since. She sings more than she paints, which is a misfortune; for she neither sings nor plays well, nature having granted her no gift for either. Every time she attempts it, the listeners are at their wit's end; for admiration of her person and disgust at her performance struggle for the mastery in their bosoms. Now consider that this spoiled maiden, who is yielding the strength and activity of her mind to the ignoble pleasure of reading novels and cultivating sentiment, might have become a lady of fine parts, and written volumes for the edification of mankind.

Who is to be blamed for the failure? First, society, for its hurtful fashions; and, second, her mother must be condemned for submitting to be governed by those fashions. I know something of the power of fashion. It is a cruel tyrant. It has inflicted on men more labor and agony than the enthroned tyrants of all time have caused them. But many have broken away from her chains, and defied her incantations. Where such interests are at stake as blend with the mind and its immortalities, cannot parents spurn its dominion? Will they not? They must do it, or they must agree in their own minds to have the education of their children superficial—to see those for whose welfare and happiness they are bound to cherish supreme and unremitted solicitude, superficial in their knowledge and conceited in their manners, ready to launch into the pleasures of the world without guidance or restraint, and yield themselves to their intemperate pursuit and fruition. There is scarcely a more sad spectacle on earth than to see parents who are fond of their children and would be a blessing to them instead of a curse, swayed by popular usage from the only conduct which promises to secure their happiness and usefulness in this life, and their eternal blessedness in the life which is to come.

If parents would train their children (especially their daughters, whose minds are peculiarly sensitive to those influences that awaken romantic impressions) in such a manner as will secure to them all good in each state of being, they must aim to educate them not fashionably, but Scripturally. And above all, their children should be furnished with books selected more carefully and skillfully than the dresses which they wear. The furniture of their libraries has certainly more to do with their future respectability and happiness, than their wardrobes can possibly have. The color and texture and fit of a dress is of small moment, compared with the shades of thought which are spread out to the eye of their minds. The former can be changed at any time, and will leave no trace upon their persons; but the latter strike deep into the mind, color its very thoughts and emotions, and will probably abide there for ever.

H.

Original.  
THE CRUCIFIXION.

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BY S. COMFORT.  
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IMMEDIATELY subsequent to the original transgression a Savior was promised. This promise was repeated to several patriarchs in the selected family of Abraham, and renewed to prophets in the chosen and distinguished nation of Israel during a period of four thousand years; at the end of which time the Messiah was born. But he was born to die. To his death every pious heart, from Abel to Zachariah, through the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, referred, by faith, for salvation. While every thing typical in the ceremonial and temporary institutions of the latter, now abolished, had in Christ their accomplishment, by none were the grand objects of his incarnation more clearly indicated than by the atoning sacrifices. They all referred to Christ as their antitype, and were efficacious only as the faith of the devout offerer looked through them to Christ as its object. On him the pious eye of the believing patriarch and Jew ever rested. And while the sacrificial system had a general reference to Christ, depending on him for its efficacy, the Passover, one of the three great annual festivals instituted by Moses, was peculiarly calculated to cherish a lively faith in the sacrificial antitype. The pascal lamb pointed to the "Lamb of God."

It was peculiar to the three great annual feasts, Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles just referred to, that all the males must go up to the metropolis and there celebrate the festival. On some occasions it is said there were not less than three millions of persons present in Jerusalem to keep the Passover. On one of these occasions our Savior was crucified. This sad and memorable event transpired on the day after the pascal supper was eaten. This feast he had just celebrated with his disciples in a private chamber, which he had designated to them in a manner evincing his omniscience. It was the last, sweet, social interview he ever had with his disciples before his death, in which, as members of his own family, they broke bread together. But in this affectionate, solemn, and otherwise harmonious feast, there was one dark "spot." The hand, the heart of Judas was there. This man was under the secret, though habitual influence of corrupting covetousness, which rendered him the fit but criminal instrument of treachery, cruelty, and murder. Hence he was chosen by the prince of liars and murderers to aid in procuring the death of Christ. In this tragic scene he performs an important part.

Well acquainted with his Master's religious habits, when and where he resorted for devotion, prompted by his native covetousness, which had grown up into a ruling passion, and knowing that the chief priests, scribes, and elders, through their implacable hatred to Christ, were desirous to obtain possession of his person in the absence of the multitude, and would therefore well reward his service in securing this object, he resolves to seize

upon the present midnight hour for this purpose. The price of his treachery was agreed on; and so was the token by which he was to indicate to them the person they desired to apprehend. The scheme was duly concerted, and the plan well understood by both parties. Nothing remained to consummate *his* perfidy and *their* malignant gratification, but its execution. And for this, our Savior's retirement to the garden of Gethsemane presented a most auspicious opportunity. Thus while Christ and the eleven apostles were passing the brook Kedron, and entering the sequestered garden at the base of Mount Olivet, the traitor hastens away to the palace of the high priest; and while the world's Redeemer prostrates himself on the ground in the deepest mental anguish, praying to his Father that the "cup" might pass him by; wrestling in awful moral conflict till he bathes both his own body and the cold earth on which he lies with bloody sweat—still resigned to lay down his life for perishing man at his Father's will—the traitor conducts the murderous band to the unresisting victim. Never was the sacred token of friendship more wantonly desecrated, or a term of submission and respect pronounced with greater hypocrisy. Christ is seized, and bound, and led away. We shall see him next before the Sanhedrim, in the palace of the high priest.

Let us pause a moment and reflect on the solemn hour which gives birth to such events. It is midnight. The silvery moon has just waxed to her full, and sits enthroned at the zenith, equidistant from the eastern and western horizon. But does she still shine during this dreadful hour of agony and treachery? Why then is the rabble troop armed with "lanterns and torches," as well as "weapons?" Or has she hid her face behind an impervious cloud, or veiled it with thick haze and black darkness? Did the parent source of light refuse to lend her his incidental and reflected rays as he did his direct beams to earth for three hours on the ensuing day? But a truce to speculation. What wonder if there should be mystery here, where all is most mysterious. The greatest mystery is, that Christ should condescend to die at all for guilty man, not that some circumstances are left unexplained. This we know, that during this hour of consternation to his disciples, and the apprehension of their Master as of a notorious felon, they all forsook him and fled every man to his own home. The Shepherd is smitten, and the sheep scattered. Leaving the traitorous, denying, unbelieving, the beloved, the fearful and almost despairing disciples, let us give our attention to the divine Victim of human, or rather infernal envy and malignity. He is at the mercy of the corrupt spiritual court of the Jews.

Judea being a Roman province, governed by a procurator or vicegerent appointed by the emperor, the Sanhedrim or spiritual court of the Jews took cognizance only of crimes committed against the expiring Jewish Theocracy. Nor with all its show of dignity and authority had it the right or the power, under the existing civil law, to put any man to death. Though



the offender should be convicted of blasphemy, or some crime meriting capital punishment, the reigning civil executive must inflict the penalty. These facts constantly borne in mind, will shed light on the proceedings which resulted in our Savior's crucifixion. Hence the indictment corresponds to the province of the court before which he is arraigned. It is *blasphemy*—confessing himself to be the Son of God; and that he would destroy, and in three days raise up the temple of his body. To sustain the several counts in the charge, his accusers resort to suborned testimony, and the palpable perversion of the most obvious sense of his language; and as if this were not enough, the presiding officer of the tribunal, by solemn adjuration, seeks to extort a personal confession from his prisoner, that he may convict him out of his own mouth. And when our Lord affirms the adjuration, admitting that he is the Son of God, the Messiah, thus bearing a noble and fearless testimony to the truth, the high priest rends his clothes, pretending to be shocked at the supposed blasphemy, appealing to the council as witnesses of this palpable evidence of guilt. Now had the high priest himself been as careful to conform to the law as he was anxious to convict the meek, lamb-like prisoner before him, he would not have transgressed a positive precept by rending his garments. This was strictly forbidden the high priest. Nor would this investigation have been hurried on in the night, in direct opposition to the law, which required that such causes should be heard in the morning. It was unlawful both to try causes of a capital nature in the night, and to examine a cause, convict the felon, pass sentence, and put the sentence in execution on the same day. But it is undeniable that all these requisitions, which were observed in other cases, were totally disregarded in the tumultuous trial of Christ. Conviction was the sole object in view, howsoever it might be attained. This was obtained in the final result.

But when they had gone thus far, something more was to be done. The governor's executive sanction must be obtained. Without this their grand purpose will be defeated. The morning had not yet come—hence at this stage they were compelled to suspend awhile their malignant prosecution. But this suspension gave them a desired opportunity to impose their most execrable insolence on the person of their prisoner, whom they now regarded as a criminal. Nor can such brutal indignities be justified under any circumstances towards the worst of criminals. They spit in his face. The servants and men who held Jesus mocked him and gave him blows. Then they blindfold him, and strike him on the face, saying, "Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, who it is that smote thee." Such, and other contumelious treatment and blasphemies, were heaped upon this Divine example of innocence, meekness, and patience under suffering. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not. As a lamb led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before its shearer is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

After some hours are thus spent, as soon as day began

to dawn, the chief priests, elders of the people, with the scribes, convene a second time, to renew the investigation. Not satisfied with the testimony on which they had adjudged him guilty of blasphemy and worthy of death, they again repeat the direct personal appeal, "Art thou the Christ? Tell us." In his reply our Lord indicated that nothing was to be expected from their incredulity, insolence, and injustice. But he said, "Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of God." Then they all demand, "Art thou the Son of God?" To which he replies, "Ye say that I am." This they regard as conclusive evidence of guilt; that he is convicted out of his own mouth. Nothing was now wanting to consummate their nefarious purposes but the governor's sanction, and his order for execution.

While they again bind Jesus to lead him away to the judgment-hall of Pilate, the awful tragedy of the traitor transpires. Matters took a more serious turn than he anticipated; or the Savior did not put forth his omnipotence and at once repulse the tumultuous mob, as he may have imagined he would do. As it was, what power had his thirty pieces of silver to shield him from the menaces of his own conscience! Their possession only aggravated his mental torture. Hence they were cast down at the feet of those from whom he received them, while he declared the perfect innocence of Jesus—his own sin and criminal meanness in betraying innocent blood; and thus he flies to acts of suicidal desperation against his own life.

But the court, the prisoner, and the multitude of his prosecutors stand before Pilate's hall, doubtless surprising him by a call so early to judicial and executive business. And while he promptly obeys the summons to official duty, the great sanctity of the priests forbids their personal entrance into the Prætorium, or Hall of Judgment, lest they should be defiled and disqualified for the sacred festivities of the following day. Pilate therefore goes out to them, demanding the accusation which they brought against the criminal for whose execution they desired a warrant. They rejoin, that the fact that they ask the executive judgment against him proves that they have found him to be a notorious malefactor. To this Pilate says, "Take him, and judge him according to your law." But capital punishment they could not inflict; and nothing else would satisfy them. And it was policy for them to keep up a fair show of their own loyalty. Hence, waiving the charge of blasphemy, they institute a new civil accusation, involving the peace of the state, which they would insinuate had been endangered: This fellow has been found perverting the nation, forbidding to pay tribute to Cæsar the Roman emperor, saying that he himself is Christ, a king. These allegations had the desired effect on the governor, who was sworn to protect the peace and honor of the state. He returns to the prisoner within, and personally interrogates him touching these charges. Getting no evidence of his guilt, he returns again to the priests without, saying he found no fault or crime in this man. Fearing lest they should be defeated, they

become more fierce and vehement, showing to what extent—admitting the truth of their statements—he had spread the disloyal and insurrective principles which they alledged against him: that he had taught those disorganizing doctrines throughout all Jewry from Galilee, in which province his native city Nazareth was situated, to that place. This declaration originated a new difficulty in the governor's mind. Galilee was in the dominions of Herod; but as he was fortunately in Jerusalem at that time, Pilate sends the criminal to him. Herod was glad to have an opportunity to gratify a vain and wicked curiosity, in witnessing some feat or incantation by one whom he seems to have regarded as a mere sorcerer. But to all his interrogations, and the reiterated accusations of his persecutors, who had followed him there, Jesus makes no reply. After being made the object of renewed abuse, insult, and contumely, by this Jewish prince and his men of war, he is arrayed in a white or gorgeous robe of mock royalty, and sent through the principal streets of the city, thronged by inquiring thousands from all parts of the world, an object of public scorn and infamy, back to the hall of Pilate. This reciprocal token of respect was the means of restoring friendship between these two dignitaries. How small a matter is made the pretext for breaking, and often proves the occasion of making personal friendship. Man is an unstable creature.

On the part of Christ at this hour, the prospect of escaping death as an enemy of the state was brightening. Calling together the chief priests and rulers of the people, Pilate states the posture of affairs at this juncture as it appeared to him, and the course he should pursue. On personal examination he had not been able to convict the prisoner of the crime alledged against him. In this judgment Herod had also concurred. He proposes therefore, according to an established custom, showing his clemency, and as an act of respect and pacification to the Jews, to chastise and release his prisoner; because of necessity he must do the latter during the feast then pending. And the criminal must be one of their own choice. But both reason and justice inquire, why chastise one at all who is still unconvinced of any crime alledged against him? If it were not to gratify the malice and envy of his inveterate accusers, and that too at the expense of public justice, who but Pilate could assign the reason? But such was the virulence of the Jews against Christ, that they were prepared to resort to almost any expedient to compass their cruel purposes. Hence they instigate the excitable populace to demand the release of Barabbas, who was an acknowledged insurgent and murderer, that they might effect the destruction of Jesus, which was their darling object.

The circumstances of Pilate every moment become still more critical and perplexing. He has new influences to contend with on both sides. On one, the popular clamor of the excited rabble; on the other, a most unexpected and solemn caution and remonstrance from his wife, relating to the presentiment she had just had of Christ's innocence, in a dream, that day, probably

after her husband was untimely called away by the premature arrival of the high priest and council, asking the executive seal to their own unjust and fatal decision. What a marvelous vindication of Christ's innocence!

As we have already seen, Jerusalem at this time contained some millions of strangers—a vast, mixed multitude; the greater part Jews, distinguished by their inveterate prejudices; and Romans, combining in their character the attributes of idolatry and cruelty. Our Lord had been made a spectacle of public infamy from his very apprehension; taken first by a circuitous route to the high priest's palace, thence at the dawn of day to Pilate's judgment-hall, thence through the city to Herod, conducted by a Roman guard, and followed by a mixed, undescribed rabble of indefinite numbers, and thence back to Pilate's hall with the same escort, attired in a mock robe of royalty, which rendered him the more attractive to the populace, as his appearance was more ludicrous and fantastical. Led thus through many public streets of the city, is it marvelous that the populace were excited; or that through the corrupt priests and rulers, the low and clamorous rabble was highly inflamed? Nothing else was to be expected. Had it been otherwise, it would have been most unaccountable. Of this circumstance the priests, elders, and rulers avail themselves, as is clearly evinced by their conduct. They use the excitable populace as instruments.

We see Pilate's dilemma. Should he release to them both Christ and Barabbas, as he more than intimated he was willing to do, though it would be an enlargement of their privilege without precedent; or were he to commute crucifixion for the most cruel scourging, his own head or his liberty would be jeopardized on information being given to Cæsar. As a motive to compliance, this fact by way of menace or caveat, was hinted at by the chief priests. Nor was he secure even from acts of personal violence from the furious and headlong movements of an exasperated and reckless mob. On the other hand, there was his own consciousness of his prisoner's innocence, which he had several times openly declared; also, the solemn adjuration of his wife. He was in a great strait. The struggle is between conscience and policy. To maintain the former might have made him a martyr; to consult the latter, may have secured his personal safety and his popularity with the people and the emperor for a season. The conflict must have been severe. And he resorts to an expedient which does more honor to the criminal about to be condemned, than to the judge about to pass sentence. He takes water and washes his hands before them in token of his innocence of the blood of that *just man*. Thus on the voluntary proffer of the Jews to meet and sustain the tremendous responsibility, imprecating on themselves and on their children the impending condemnation for shedding innocent blood, desirous to content the people, Pilate released the murderer, and delivered Jesus to their will. Here the trial ended. He is condemned to be crucified. We must next attend to the execution of the sentence.



For the infliction of death by the cross the highest antiquity may be pleaded. This mode of capital punishment was practiced by the Greeks, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Persians and Romans. By the last it was inflicted on robbers, assassins, and rebels. It was the most painful and ignominious mode of capital punishment in the entire catalogue. From an allusion to it in the Pentateuch, it must have been well known to Moses when he wrote the Jewish law. That mode practiced in the time of our Savior was copied from the Romans; and in his own case, inflicted by Roman soldiers. With regard to its severity and cruelty, one jot or tittle would not be abated by those who were the grand instruments in procuring his death. And what motive had the Pagan, Roman soldiers for abatement? Hence our Savior doubtless endured at their hands all the contumely, insolence, and aggravations of misery usual at the execution of the most execrable culprits. Some of these are recorded by the evangelists.

As the first act of indignity and cruelty, he is taken by the command of Pilate and scourged. He is then led away by his soldiers—perhaps his body guard—into the common hall, where the whole band, from one hundred and thirty to two hundred and ten, is called together, who clothed him in a purple robe, a token of royalty, and plaiting or weaving a crown of thorns, they put it on his head and a reed in his hand, and mocking, salute him; then spitting on him and bowing the knee they worship him; then taking the reed they smite him on his head till the thorns pierce his sacred temples. Then they took off the purple robe and put on him again his own garments, and led him away to Golgotha. Did he still wear the crown of thorns? There is no mention of its being taken off; hence some believe it was worn to execution. It is worthy of remark here, that according to an edict passed by this same Tiberias Cæsar a few years only previous, no criminal should be executed under ten days after his conviction. But this law did not extend to rebels and murderers. On the pretext, therefore, that our Lord had stirred up sedition, and had endeavored to set up a rival claim to kingly authority, he is treated as a rebel and a parricide.

We are now to follow him from Pilate's judgment hall to Calvary, a mountain on the west of Jerusalem. He is conducted by the Roman soldiers, who are intrusted with the execution of the sentence just pronounced. Among the Romans it was customary for the criminal to carry or drag his own cross to the place of execution. To this our Savior submitted. Its frame-work consisted of an erect piece of timber, to which another transverse beam was attached. To the latter the arms of the sufferer were fastened by cords and nails driven through the palms of his hands; and having reached the place of execution, the feet were in the same manner fastened to the perpendicular column, which was then placed erect in an orifice prepared for it in the earth, or in a rock.

It was now the sixth hour, or twelve o'clock. Our Savior appears to have neither slept nor eaten during the

day or the preceding night, since he ate the Passover with his disciples. Therefore through loss of rest, food, and blood, from the scourges, thorns, and insults he had received, he fainted under the ignominious burden before he reached the place of execution. For this reason Simon is compelled to bear the cross after him. This he did either by lifting or bearing the lower part of the frame, or by taking the whole frame-work upon his own shoulder—probably the latter. But he was more honored than degraded in view of the transcendent dignity of the person whose cross he bore. So is every Christian who now bears his cross in honor of his dying Lord. Thus they pass along, accompanied by a mixed and various throng, till at length they arrive at the place of skulls. But where now are the disciples and the friends of Jesus? We see the daughters of Jerusalem, a great company of women, beholding, weeping, and lamenting him. What an honored illustration—because the fact has been proved in a thousand instances—of the tenderness, friendship, and fidelity of woman's heart! It is the glory of her nature to sympathize with the suffering and the afflicted. The loving disciple and the mother of Jesus are also there. But who has language adequately to describe the emotions which struggle in their bosoms as they behold afar off this mournful scene. How much tenderness, affection, dignity, and divinity, are evinced by Christ in his response to his weeping mother, and beloved disciple and friends, in the recognition he makes of them. He predicts the approaching destruction of their devoted city, and the misery which should attend it. His mother he gives in charge to the beloved disciple. But for many touching incidents we refer to the Gospel narrative. Never before had such a victim or such a procession marched to the place called Golgotha. The attendant circumstances were new and strange. But mark our Lord's conduct when the stupefying potion was offered him. This was given to blunt the sensibility and weaken the consciousness of pain, and to allay the fears and agonies of death. Jesus only tasted, and refused to drink. Connected with his voluntary suffering as an atoning sacrifice, there is in this refusal infinite grandeur. To diminish aught from the severity of one pang were incompatible with the great purposes of his incarnation—to atone for the sins of the world.

Jesus was numbered with transgressors, and associated with malefactors. But insult and mockery were not confined to the high priest's palace, Herod's men of war, or Pilate's hall—they follow him to the cross. Malignant triumph and malicious defiance and revenge are not only breathed out against him by his persecutors and murderers, but also by the malefactors who were suspended with him. One of them, it is true, evinced relenting, reproved his fellow, and received the most gracious assurance of Divine mercy ever made to a dying man. It is hard to say at which we have the greatest cause of astonishment, the peculiar circumstances and language of the penitent, or the condescending tenderness of his dying Lord. How much is contained in the declaration, "This day shalt thou be

with me in paradise." His was an enviable privilege, though he was the chief of sinners.

The unnatural darkness which prevailed from the sixth to the ninth hour—from twelve till three o'clock—forms a prodigy among the attendant circumstances. As the Passover took place at the full moon, this could not have been an ordinary eclipse of the sun; and moreover, this is rendered impossible from the duration of the darkness—three hours—which is longer than a natural eclipse can by possibility continue. But as it is our object not to comment, but simply to narrate the principal events which transpired, in a style altogether our own, we pass on to another remarkable phenomenon:

The rending of the vail of the temple. This was the partition separating the holy from the most holy place. It is sometimes called the second vail; there being another between the holy place and the court of the temple. How astounding must this have been to the unbelieving Jews. In the first temple it was death for any but the high priest to pass this vail, and he only once a year; nor even then without shedding blood and due preparation according to law. But all is now laid open to the unrestrained inspection of the most curious eye. Prying curiosity and restless novelty may now be gratified in the most profane. As the high priest could no longer make annual expiation for the errors of the people, this phenomenon seems to say that dispensation is ended, and that our great High Priest is about, once for all, to enter heaven itself by shedding his own blood, and sprinkling with it the mercy-seat, that we may have free access to the Father of spirits and live.

The earthquake, the rocks rending, the resurrection of some from the dead, and their appearance to many in Jerusalem, were also prodigies which accompanied these unprecedented events. The reader will be pleased with the following graphic description in the language of poetry:

"And was the ransom paid? It was; and paid  
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.  
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene  
Drove back his chariot: Midnight veiled his face;  
Not such as this, not such as nature makes:  
A midnight nature shuddered to behold;  
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without  
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!  
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start  
At the enormous load of human guilt  
Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his cross,  
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb  
With pangs, strange pangs, delivered of her dead!  
Hell howled; and heaven that hour let fall a tear:  
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! Heav'n bled, that man  
Might never die!"

It was the ninth hour. For three dreadful hours the Victim was suspended, while all nature felt a shock, a suspense, an astonishment never before realized; nor will she ever again till her dissolution. Of the spectators standing round the cross, some are confounded and pass the Sufferer by with an air of sovereign contempt; some are convicted that he was a righteous man—the Son of God. He cries, "It is finished;" bows his

head, and dies. He magnified the law and made it honorable by a spotless life, and meets its claims and bears away its curse in his sacrificial death. Hear his last expression of divine bereavement, and the commendation of his soul to his Father—"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani; my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The mournful tragedy is over—the atonement is complete. God and man are reconciled. By the soldier's spear a fountain is opened which flows for the healing of the nations. His body is taken down from the cross and laid in a tomb; but soon he bursts the gates of death; the grave cannot confine him; it yields to its triumphant conqueror. He first appears to the daughters of Zion, who on the third morning are early at the sepulchre. He next shows himself to his disciples, and comforts their desponding hearts; gives them the grand commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, promising to be with them and their successors to the end of the world; but commands them to tarry at Jerusalem till they shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, which he had promised to shed upon them; then ascending to his ancient seat at the right hand of the Father, as our Mediator and Advocate with God, he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

O my soul! for thee all this was done and suffered. Is it too much to *live* for Him who *died* for thee? Let me ever live so near his cross, by faith, as to

"See him heave, hear him groan,  
And feel his gushing blood!"

"WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would hide  
And darken, so can deal, that they become  
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,  
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky vail  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the incumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;  
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair."

#### RELIGION.

"RELIGION tells of amity sublime  
Which no condition can preclude; of One  
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs."



## Original.

MR. HAMLINE,—In your sixth number mention is made of Chaucer, who died dictating poetry. The incident suggested the following lines, which I submit to your disposal.

M. B. BAKER.

## THE POET'S LAST TOUCH.

'Twas the last touch that softly swept his harp,  
Giving its slackening chords as sweet a tone,  
As if the guardians of his pilgrimage  
Had all breath'd forth their heavenly minstrelsy.  
Meanwhile 'twas sun-set, and the poet look'd  
Forth on the glorious heavens, and smiling earth;  
For 'twas the hour in which he always lov'd  
To wander forth, and 'mid the day's decline,  
Commune with God; and now for the last time  
He turn'd his dying eyes on the lov'd scene—  
And while he gazed, a rush of glowing thoughts  
Flowed back upon his pilgrimage of years.  
Ah! little reck'd he then the drops that hung  
Upon his brow, like dew on faded flower,  
Or of the agonies that wrung those drops;  
He thought no more of the pale, blighted cheek,  
The bloodless lip, the feeble, sunken form—  
His joyous spirit had o'ermastered all.  
For while he commun'd with the glimmering past,  
A flood of glory broke upon his dream;  
Perchance the dawn of that eternal day,  
In which his life's star melted even then;  
And while the soul with its last vision thrill'd,  
Kindling his eye with an unearthly fire,  
He gave his harp a last, expiring touch:

"God of the universe, to thee I wake  
My harp's last strain, even while its worn chords break;  
For coldness gathers round me—at my heart  
I feel the ties of life asunder part;  
And now thou art with me this dreadful hour,  
Uplifting me by thine almighty power,  
Keeping my soul from doubt and horror free,  
While death disturbs my notes of praise to thee.

"I bless thee, O my God! for this firm faith  
In thee, that even extracts the sting of death,  
And tinges with celestial light the gloom  
That hovers fearfully around the tomb;  
And for the unearthly love that thrills my heart,  
Cheering my lonely spirit e'er it part—  
For all this glory gilding life's dim close,  
I bless thee, as I sink to soft repose!

"Tho' shadows circle me, yet through the haze,  
To yon deep, glorious heaven, mine eyes I raise,  
And bless thee, that I still have seen thee there,  
Glowing in sun, and moon, and twinkling star;  
And in the nightly meteor's dazzling form,  
And in the bow that gilds the passing storm—  
That I have seen thyself in these display'd,  
I bless thee now, e'en while in death they fade!

"And when the clouds grew dark along the sky,  
When torrents pour'd, and winds were sweeping high;

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When 'mid the awful peal, the vivid flash,  
I heard the struggling forests round me crash,  
E'en then my tranquil heart presag'd no harm,  
I felt that thou didst rule the raging storm;—  
That thou didst ever shield me from the blast,  
I bless thee as I go where storms are past!

"When on the mountain top, the lonely shore,  
Or in deep vale, shaded with thick woods o'er,  
I was not all alone—I felt thee near,  
Touching all things with thy glad presence there.  
That thou wert everywhere around me spread,  
Tinging with golden hues the breezy shade,  
And scattering flowers along my lonely road—  
For this, ev'n now, I bless thee, O my God!

"And I have heard thee in the zephyrs sigh,  
That thro' the leaves made softest melody;  
The voice of groves, and fountains gushing free,  
Fell on mine ear, with tones that breath'd of thee;  
That thou didst woo my spirit in the wind,  
And in the song of waters unconfined,  
And in the chime of groves, till my glad heart  
O'erflowed, I bless thee still, as I depart!

"I found no place so lone but thou wast there—  
The flowers that faded 'mid the desert air,  
Thy pencil touch'd with just as fair a hue,  
As those that in the palace garden grew;  
As bright a bow bent in the cascade's spray  
As smiled in heaven, when clouds dissolv'd away;  
That I have seen thee everywhere display'd,  
I bless thee now, while all things round me fade!

"I have not been belov'd—I had no friend,  
With whose congenial mind mine own might blend;  
On earth I had no place to build my trust—  
No rock I found, that did not fall to dust;  
Hence did my soul's warm fountain, fresh and free,  
From its clear depths, flow gladly back to thee.  
Glory for this; and that my morning faith  
On thee was stayed, I bless thee even in death!

"Now wanes mine earthly being, as the light  
Along the skies blends with the gathering night;  
But no dim shade my spirit doth o'ercast—  
I feel thy glory bright'ning to the last;  
Till like a star, lost in the blaze of day,  
In thy deep radiance I melt away.  
For this I bless thee with my harp's last strain,  
Till I awake its tones in heaven again!"

—•••••  
"Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;  
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,  
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission;  
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,  
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.  
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last."

Original.

## THE BOAST OF ALCOHOL.\*

SINCE Adam fell, and Eden's fruits and flowers  
Withered beneath the curse of heavenly powers,  
The prince of darkness, with his flag unfurl'd,  
Claims sole dominion o'er this ruin'd world.  
Each lust in man fired by his subtle charms,  
Has he, by turns, invoked to aid his arms;  
Yet failed in all, till at the last arose,  
A new parental lust, engendering countless woes.

A novel crime demands a novel name;  
'Twas ALCOHOL that fed the infernal flame.  
This princely power, more potent than its lord,  
Assumed vicegerency by Satan's word;  
And for long centuries, by guile, achieved,  
Victorious feats in many a hard fought field.  
Land after land confess'd his guilty sway,  
Whence stricken, bleeding truth, was forced to escape  
away.

One citadel alone his power defied,  
And that his lip did scornfully deride;  
'Twas Zion's citadel, whose breachy wall,  
Half manned with traitors, nodded to its fall;  
Its faithful ones were busy here and there,  
Toiling in tears, and bleeding in despair—  
Still making Zion's courts their anxious care,  
Struggling to guard her gates—her broken walls repair.

'Twas thus, when in the midnight's solitude,  
I saw in dreams an apt similitude:  
Where I am now I stood, and in my dream,  
All were, except ourselves, as now we seem.  
These lifted doors had yielded to the throng,  
And Zion's courts were crowded all along;  
But Zion's foes had made their entrance here,  
And Zion's vanquish'd friends, sat ye in mute despair.

Transformed in name and nature, here I stood,  
(The recollection chills my freezing blood,)  
A liege man of the devil, foe to God.  
My name was Alcohol. This bloated form  
Seemed four times larger—as the furious storm  
Swells the press'd sail, so in this dropsied frame,  
Swell'd moral poisons; lusts too vile to name  
Peer'd out at every sense, and issued forth  
Concupiscent as hell, o'er all the shrinking earth.

I dreamed that all was conquered; this proud foot  
Press'd scornfully that altar, whence the root  
Of the last withered virtue was upturn,  
Leaving earth God-forsaken and forlorn.  
To assure my rising fears again, that even  
The seeds there scattered by defeated heaven

\* These lines were delivered by a lad ten or twelve years of age, before a very large audience, in a meeting of a Juvenile Temperance Society. To understand certain allusions, the reader must imagine the scene as it was—the spacious church, the members of the society sitting in front, a banner floating overhead, the bowl on a table at his side, and the manner somewhat dramatic.

Were dead and rotten in you, this foul hand  
Pried in your gory hearts as elves flirt in the sand.

While thus with wanton diligence I searched  
In all the soils where thought or passion lurk'd;  
And crimson issues from the wounds I gave,  
Stained these pure courts, and did that altar lave—  
A rustling sound harass'd my anxious ear;  
Upward I glanced, and on the buoyant air,  
A banner dim and shadowy was revealed,  
Inscribed with warning words, but which were half  
concealed.

The scene was changed—you, drooping sons of light,  
Sprung to the rank and file arrayed for fight.  
Your nerveless forms, endued with mystic power,  
By vigorous movements sought the front of war;  
Your cheeks, so lately blanch'd with pallid fear,  
Now glow'd like reddened fruits in autumn sear;  
Your languid eyes now flash'd with martial fire,  
And in fierce martial tones pour'd forth your kindling ire.

A spell came o'er me, but it pass'd away,  
As morning mists before the rising day;  
I raised my voice and form, resolv'd to prove  
My utmost power your slumbering fears to move;  
And thus profane I spoke: "My scepter'd sway  
Shall smite God's temple. Here will I display  
My wrath; from altar'd scenes o'er hills and vales  
My fumes shall rise and float on sanctuary gales.

"Charged with enchantments, this infernal bowl,  
Shall demonize and damn the human soul.  
With furious rage I'll visit earth and main;  
In my broad track shall desolation reign.  
On land and sea my withering curse shall fall,  
Devour the substance and the hope of all;  
Hell's fiercest hate I will with rigor ply,  
And 'neath my fatal charms shall virtue bleed and die.

"But see! unfurled aloft a banner bright,  
With rash defiance courts my scornful sight.  
Defiance vain! Against my magic charms,  
In vain these victims rouse themselves to arms.  
Fraud against force is sure the field to win;  
Fraud against force my victory has been.  
Search out my wiles; my hellish charms espy;  
Then scorn my burning wrath—then lift your banner  
high.

"Exult my monarch soul; these visions bright,  
Shall still thy fears, and wrap thee with delight.  
Omniscient glance my frauds shall ne'er espy,  
Omnific might shall ne'er my wrath defy.  
This battle-field I claim; this royal prey;  
The onset now—the prize another day.  
From hell's deep gulf my monument shall rise,  
Tower to God's hated heavens, and kiss the eternal  
skies."

I paused, exulting; yet could scarce conceal,  
Beneath the covert of my wordy zeal,  
A fitful thought, if not a lingering dread,



Of gathering mischief pendent o'er my head.  
From face to face with anxious glance I sought,  
What fears within your breast my theme had wrought;  
In all your martial ranks no cowering brow,  
No pallid cheek or lip, did one such fear avow.

My blasphemies were scorned; secure ye stood,  
Unmoved as mountain-rock in ocean flood.  
Just then the wanton breezes seemed to play  
All through these open courts, and gently sway  
Yon sluggish banner, on whose rustling folds,  
(Like labelled wares where nauseous drugs are sold,)  
Were lines of wrath and warning; eye and thought,  
*Quick, greedily*, their power and cursed portent sought.

Two mystic words had power to break the spell,  
Which by my arts lured sottish souls to hell;  
Words close concealed; I therefore feared nor dreamed,  
That o'er my head in letter'd gold they streamed.  
Awe-struck and withering, judge my wrapt surprise,  
When on those silken folds, before these eyes,  
Glared bright and fiercely—"Total Abstinence!"  
Cowering my craven heart to vile incontinence.

Sudden the change! This poisoned bowl had been,  
With swimming death charged to the flowing brim.  
Now, half despairing, to your tempted taste,  
The chalice'd curse I plied with trepid haste.  
Like clouds of gleaming wrath in sullied sky,  
Those angry folds shot vengeance from on high.  
Their streaming fires my flowing curse consumed  
Their raging, bolted blast, my riven throne inhumed.

These courts with Sinai's waxing voices rung;  
Waked by the terror from my couch I sprung;  
The cloudless skies hung placid o'er my head,  
And morn's bright mantle o'er the earth was spread.  
The cheerful plough upturned the sward along,  
And merry voices peal'd the milk-maid's song.  
In grateful tones I hail'd the changeful scene,  
And blest protecting Heaven that *half* was but a dream.

—•••••

Original.

### ALEXANDER'S TEARS.

—  
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

ON far Hindostan's burning shore,  
Unsoiled by conqueror's tread before,  
A warrior stood, in power and pride,  
And gazed upon the flowing tide.

Led by the glare, which brightly streams  
From glory's star, in flattering beams,  
He left his throne to fight for fame—  
To battle for earth's diadem.

The nations trembled at his nod;  
Adored and feared him as a god;\*  
Bowed to the sceptre of his power,  
And man—the world—was free no more!

\*He was deified as the son of Jupiter Ammon.

Far out before his flashing eye,  
(The prospect bounded by the sky,)  
Was stretch'd the deep, blue Indian sea,  
In nature's lovely majesty.

And as the waves with angry roar,  
Dashed on that distant, rock-girt shore,  
A voice seemed rising on the air,  
And thus discoursed unto his ear:  
"Proud mortal! on this barren strand,  
Thou and thy conquering hosts must stand.  
Here shall thy golden visions fade;  
Here shall thy victor march be stayed,  
And like the dying eagle, thou  
Shalt fold thy drooping pinions now!"

A shadow gathered o'er his brow,  
Deep feeling thro' his bosom crept;  
The fount of tears, locked up till now  
Was opened, and he wept—he wept!  
He wept that earth with all her store,  
Was conquered, and could give no more,  
To satisfy his vast desires,  
And feed ambition's quenchless fires.  
He wept that he had realized  
All that he wished, and all he prized;  
That he had proved it *all*, and found  
Hope's promise but an empty sound!

'Tis ever thus. By ease or toil,  
Man spends his days in search of bliss;  
Which springs not from an earthly soil,  
But blooms in purer climes than this!

Insatiate still, th' immortal mind  
In vain pursues terrestrial toys;  
Though to this lower sphere confined,  
It pants—it thirsts for purer joys!

—•••••

Original.

### THE END.

WHILE twice ten thousand raging whirlwinds sweep,  
And pour their raging force upon the deep;  
The ocean-waves will swell with angry roar,  
And surging billows lash the trembling shore;  
Sulphurous storms, big with destruction, roll  
A melted mass to each affrighted pole;  
Then mountains, covered with eternal snow,  
Shall melt and mingle with the flood below;  
The earth shall be dissolved by raging fires,  
While nature in her struggling pangs expires.  
But here will man's existence close? O, no—  
He shall survive this baseless wreck below.  
But now 'tis still; unbroken silence reigns;  
Now to the view appears heaven's golden plains;  
And now the sun no more shall set; no more  
Clouds intervene, for clouds and storms are o'er;  
No sigh escape the lips; each painful thought  
Shall pass obliterated and forgot;  
And now the soul's most blest existence be  
Unchanged—enduring as eternity.

M. B. B

Original.

## DEITY AND NATURE;

OR, THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE ALMIGHTY, AS EVINCED IN THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE, PROVIDENCE, AND GRACE.

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

THE structure of the human mind, when unwarped by an erroneous education, is such, that the contemplation of the Almighty's works in the various forms they assume, constitutes a source of pleasure perhaps the purest, most exalted, and ennobling in its effects on the intellectual and moral powers, which, next to the enjoyment proceeding from the possession of pure and undefiled Christianity, with its consoling promises and cheering hopes, man can enjoy on this side eternity. In proportion as he extends his research into the works of the Deity, either in the kingdoms of nature, providence, or grace, he finds in each, accumulating evidence of superintending goodness; his views of God's character and perfections becoming more accurate and enlarged, exert a more controlling influence on his heart, and stimulate him through the medium of love as a governing principle, to yield up the willing obedience of his life.

Destitute of the light of revelation, man's views of the attributes and character of God have ever been erroneous in theory, and injurious in practice, as well on his manners and morals, as on his intellect. To see the truth of this remark, we need scarcely turn our eyes through the long vista of the past, to behold the various images, ridiculous in their grotesque forms, animals disgusting in their appearance, monsters in the form of human beings, polluted by every vice and stained with every crime which can degrade humanity below the brute creation, and even demons themselves worshipped as deities; we may even now behold the Indian consulting his idol in a wigwam, and the Hindoo throwing himself under the ponderous wheels of the blood-stained Juggernaut; or his wife plunging her lovely innocent, bound by the most endearing ties for ever to her affections, into the sacred waters of the far-famed Ganges.

In what manner these wrong conceptions and inhuman practices influence the national character of any people, let the benighted ignorance, the extreme want and misery, the deep moral depravity of heart, and the gross licentiousness and immorality of life, and above all, the absence of any hope of amelioration of their condition, in this world or the next, speak to the feeling heart. It is only when the sacred light of Christianity has aroused man's dormant powers, and enabled him to shake off the dreadful lethargy that so long has held him captive, that instead of viewing all around him as the result of blind and erring chance, his senses having assumed their proper functions, he hears the winds, the woods, the seas, the sacred truth proclaim, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." His eyes, which once were blind, now see; and whether he turns them on the verdant earth, abounding in

life and happiness, or on the azure sky, both when the golden sun pours his resplendent light abroad and paints the robe of nature with its dazzling hues, or in the silent midnight, when all is hushed in the deep stillness of that solemn hour; he raises them to yonder fires which blaze and roll in mazy circles through the vast immensity of space, orbs within orbs moving throughout the boundless infinite, and there beneath, around, above, beyond, he sees in glowing characters the truth proclaimed by nature's universal voice, that "God is love." The spontaneous burst of his feelings, overwhelmed with the evidence, unites in the quotation from the best beloved apostle, while his tongue finds utterance in the fervent language of the royal Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work: day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge; there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard."

Does man seek, like the seraph near the throne, to search into the mystery of Heaven's eternal purposes, in so beautifully constructing and so wisely arranging even this world on which he lives, and filling it with such multitudes of animated beings, perfectly fitted not only to perform the offices assigned them as instruments in the accomplishment of other and higher objects tending to the perfect operation of the entire system; but also, by the peculiar structure and perfect adaptation of every individual portion of their bodies and capacities to each other, and to the whole combined, as well as to their respective situations in life for the enjoyment of the greatest amount of happiness of which they can possibly be susceptible, he finds that the motive, which was infinite benevolence, stimulated him to this exertion of his omnipotence. Bursting asunder the prejudices and errors which bind his mental powers to earth, as did the strong man of old, the green withes that vainly attempted to confine his Herculean strength, he wings his thoughts far into the past periods of eternity, long ages e'er the first-born angel tuned his golden harp to sing the melodies of heaven, and here he obtains but a faint, but at the same time, glorious perception of that eternal Being, whose perfections and attributes are commensurate with infinity itself. Benevolence, the noblest, dearest attribute of Deity, appears pre-eminent through all the features of his character, and sheds the milder lustre of her glory o'er wisdom, power, and justice. She originated the god-like thought of filling infinite space and endless duration with beings capable of enjoying the multiplied happiness and joy belonging to conscious existence in a state of purity and perfection; wisdom devised the mighty system by which so glorious a purpose could be carried into harmonious and successful operation; justice prescribed the conditions of happiness, omnipotence uttered the mandate, and the universe in its splendor and glory burst into being, while myriads of new-born intelligences, of every order, in loud hosannas sung the praises of their great Creator. And when one erring family had wandered from



the path of duty, and Justice presented the cup of death to the guilty, Benevolence, stepping from the height of her glory, and shrouding herself in humanity, received it in dark Gethsemane, and drained the inmost dregs on Calvary's rugged summit.

The vast immensity of nature's variegated field presents to the Christian philosopher enlarged conceptions of the love of God. Were man's attention confined to this earth alone, whose circumference is only 25,000 miles, the multiplied myriads of objects which would claim his regard, in its teeming oceans, waving forests, smiling plains, meandering streams, lofty mountains and profound caverns, would render it impossible that he should become fully acquainted with their forms, situations, habits and practical uses, even during a life as prolonged as the good old patriarch Methusaleh's. Hence, in order to obtain any correct information on these subjects, individuals necessarily must (and their various tastes also lead them to this) direct their observations to one particular department of study, whilst others collect, arrange, and classify the facts developed by the industry of each, the aggregate results are such as to produce a disbelief thereof, when first presented to the uninformed mind. But when we recollect that this world, with all its numerous population, and those other twenty-eight wanderers that revolve around our sun in orbits, the magnitude of whose diameters the mind of man can scarcely realize, that of Herschel, the farthest from the sun, being not less than 1,820,000,000 of miles, is totally unseen and unknown to an inhabitant of the nearest fixed star that sheds its radiant beams on the midnight sky; nay, that the sun himself, the centre of light and heat and life and loveliness to all the worlds that round him roll, whose diameter is something more than 884,000 miles, and whose consequent solid magnitude is equal to one million four hundred thousand globes of the size of our earth, appears to it as that appears to us, but a solitary spot of glory on heaven's mantle of etherial blue, it must surely teach us more correctly to estimate how small is the place of our habitation, and how subordinate in the system of the universe is this transitory world of ours.

Another class of celestial objects of no ordinary interest to man, is that of the comets; with the natures of, and purposes for which they were created, though we are as yet unacquainted, yet reasoning from the rest of nature by analogy, we cannot contemplate them without the conviction from our reason and feelings, that they are also the production of omnipotent benevolence.

One of the largest comets which has ever been observed, was that of 1680. Its greatest distance from the sun was thirteen thousand millions of miles, and at its nearest approach five hundred and seventy thousand miles from his centre, or less than 128,000 miles from his surface. In that portion of its orbit nearest the sun, its velocity was 100,000 miles per hour, and the sun as then seen from it would appear 27,689 times larger than it appears to us; and consequently, if heat

increases in its radiation from the sun, in proportion as the square of the distance diminishes, it would be exposed to a heat 27,689 times greater than we. This intensity of heat exceeds several thousand times that of red hot iron, or any degree we can by any means produce. A simple mass of vapor heated to a thousandth part of this heat, would be at once dissipated into space, showing evidently that comets are made of sterner materials. The tail of this comet extended from the horizon to the zenith, exceeding ninety-six millions of miles in length; and others have been observed with six tails, each six millions of miles in length. It was a necessary consequence of the ignorance of man, that his fears should be aroused by the appearance of these mighty masses of apparently uncontrolled matter, flying towards him swifter than ever

*"Una eurusque; notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus."*

"East, south and west, with thickening tempests roar  
At once, and roll huge billows to the shore."

They have hence been objects of terror and superstition to the ignorant in all ages of the world. The Romans imagined that one which appeared about forty-three years before the birth of Christ, and could be seen in daylight with the naked eye, was the metamorphosed soul of Julius Cæsar, who was murdered in the Senate about that time, armed with fire and vengeance. This comet again appeared in 1106, resembling the sun in brightness, and having an immense tail.

In 1456, a large comet made its appearance, and spread a wider terror over Europe than was ever previously known, as it was very generally supposed that it would destroy the world, and that the day of judgment was near. This gloom was increased by the success which had attended the Turks, who had carried their victorious arms across the Hellespont, and seemed destined to overrun all Europe. Under the influence of these fears, all men seemed totally regardless of the present, and anxious alone for the future. Pope Calixtus III. ordered the church bells to be rung at noon, and the Ave Maria to be repeated three times a day instead of two; to which was added the prayer, "Lord save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet," and once a day these hostile personages suffered a regular excommunication. The churches and convents were crowded for the confession of sins, and uncounted treasures were poured by superstitious multitudes into the apostolic purse.

The comet, after some months of daily cursing and excommunication, disappeared from the eyes of its terror-stricken beholders, on which joy returned to the souls of the faithful, whilst their money and lands remained under the safe custody of St. Peter's key; and by its means the Church of Rome was enabled to exert and continue a greater influence over her followers than previously. Thus too frequently do designing and crafty men take advantage of the excessive ignorance and credulity of the people.

When, however, instructed by astronomy, we follow these bodies through their perihelion, and trace their

pathway far off, beyond the utmost verge of our solar system, till they make their aphelion in the infinity of space, and return not till centuries have rolled their lingering years, we must be deeply impressed with a sense of the greatness of that Omnipotence which could create, set in motion, and find appropriate uses for such bodies.

The accurate observations made by astronomers have assured us, that in the course of ages the stars in one part of the sky appear as if receding from each other, and in its opposite drawing nearer together. This appearance is explained by the supposition, that as the twenty-nine planetary bodies in our solar system revolve round the sun, so may he with his dependents, be moving in concert with other stars, at the rate of sixty or seventy thousand miles an hour, around some common centre, which possesses an influence capable of holding each in its appropriate sphere. And it is hence highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that we shall never occupy that exact portion of absolute space, through which we may be at any moment passing. The distances of the fixed stars will best appear by a statement of the nearest. Keid is 100,000 times as far from the earth as our sun is, or 95,000,000 multiplied by 100,000, which gives nine trillions and five hundred billions of miles. Light flies at the rate of eleven millions and a half miles per minute, and it would consequently require 13,623 hours and 11 minutes, or 567 days 15 hours and 11 minutes to reach our earth from this star; and were it at any time stricken out of the heavens, it would nevertheless appear to us for the whole of that time. Many of the more distant stars are supposed to be 900 millions of millions of miles from us.

From this enlarged view of nature, which is doubtless authorized by the discoveries and analogies of science, our sun may be only one member of a higher order, that forms one of the countless systems that complete their mighty revolutions, in such an extensive period of time, as reduces our planetary motions to a humbler grade in the more enlarged scale of a higher astronomy, and opens a more extensive and capacious prospect in nature's beauteous landscape, rich with new glories to the admiring gaze of man.

In examining the heavens, even with the naked eye, on a clear and bright evening, certain clusters of starry light and undefined figure may be seen. These are termed *nebulae*. One of these may be found in the constellation of Cancer, which appears on the meridian about 10 o'clock on the 3d of March. This nebulous cluster is about 7° northeast from Tegmine, a small star in the back of Cancer, between the fifth and sixth magnitude, and forms the vertex of a triangle drawn from Castor and Pollux, in the Twins of Procyon in the Canis Minor. It may also be discovered by two conspicuous stars of the fourth magnitude, lying one on either side of it at the distance of about 2°, named the northern and southern Aselli. The telescope shows these to be separable into about forty very small stars. There are others, however, which are not so divisible

as the beautiful one in the sword of Orion. This constellation is so exceedingly beautiful, as to claim the attention of the most careless observer; and when it appears on the heavens in January, there is then the most magnificent view of the celestial bodies, that the starry firmament affords. A little below the three stars, known by the common name of the *ell and yard*, which form his belt, is a small nebula in the part pictured as the sword-hand, which has not yet been separated. The *Via Lactea* or Milky Way, which, though visible more or less at all seasons of the year, is seen to the best advantage during the months of July, August, September and October, stretching obliquely over the heavens from northeast to southwest, moving slowly over the firmament in common with the other constellations, and when examined by the telescope of Herschel, is resolvable into an incredible number of small stars. To afford some idea of their number, Herschel states that in a zone or belt of 15° long by 2° in breadth, he has observed more than fifty thousand. It is supposed that our sun and the brightest of the fixed stars form a part of this nebula. It is a vast stratum, whose depth is about a thousand times the distance of Sirius from the earth, which is alone twenty millions of millions of miles. By looking into the plane of the nebula itself, in which the earth is situated, the stars appear so thickly grouped as to form apparently a confused mass of light. If, however, we look in a direction perpendicular to this plane, it is evident that the stars will appear thinly scattered over the surface of the heavens. The depth of the stratum through it is enormous, being small in comparison to its length. If indeed we suppose the average distance of each fixed star from its nearest neighbor, to be the same as the distance of Sirius from the earth, the depth of the stratum one thousand times that distance will not appear so very considerable.

From these facts it appears, that instead of the ordinary opinion formed by individuals, that each sun lies uniformly in the same situation and at about equal distances from each other, there is reason to think that they are arranged in clusters, and that as the immense distance which separates the stars in their clusters, exceeds the distances of the planets revolving round each sun; so each cluster may be at such a proportionally immense distance from each other, as to render them distinct and independent of each other's action.

This view is much more capacious than the preceding, and by enlarging the sphere of our conceptions of the mighty magnificence of nature, at the same time furnishes us with more enlarged ideas of the infinitude of that benevolence, which could stoop from the government of such splendid systems working with harmony in every part, and bestow its care on each inhabitant of his extended empire.

All the *nebulae* visible in the heavens are not resolvable into clusters of stars closely grouped together; for some rather resemble planetary bodies, forming distinct masses of pale light—and hence Herschel has named them planetary *nebulae*. Others appear as if formed



of one or more bright stars situated in a less luminous mass, and in such case the immediate neighborhood of the star appears much darker than the rest of the nebulae. Analogous to this is the fact, that in the vicinity of nebulae there is an absence of stars.

From these facts, and the various appearances presented by the nebulae, Herschel concluded that they were all parts of a luminous substance, disseminated generally over the heavens, which accumulates in certain points, either from mutual attraction, or from that of a neighboring star, and thought he could distinguish the progress of condensation and the relative ages of the different nebulae, by the greater or less degree of sphericity, and the brilliancy of the central nucleus, as compared with the surrounding nebulosity. The first stage is that of a uniformly nebulous mass; the second, that of a similar mass slightly condensed round one or more nuclei. These nuclei gradually become brighter; then the nebulous atmospheres of each separating by the effects of a farther condensation, compound nebulae formed of very brilliant centres very near each other, and each surrounded by its separate atmosphere, are produced. Sometimes the luminous matter, by a more uniform condensation, forms planetary nebulae. Lastly, a higher degree of condensation transforms the nebulae into groups of stars thickly set together.

The fine nebulae in the sword-hand of Orion, and that in the girdle of Andromeda, have undergone evident changes of this kind of condensation and contraction since first observed by Huyghens and Simon Marius. Such changes are, however, so slow in their progress, that in all probability it will require centuries of accurate observation to establish the truth of Herschel's theory. But the patient and accurate observation of astronomers not only notices changes of this kind among the hosts of heaven, but also, that some members of that host are disappearing from their places. During the last two or three centuries, upwards of thirteen fixed stars have withdrawn their light from the gaze of man, and several are now observed that are not to be found in the catalogues of the ancients.

Hipparchus was the first of whom we have any account that made the discovery of a new star, about 120 years before Christ, and which occurrence induced him to form his catalogue of the fixed stars. Others have been noticed in later times; but the first new star of which we have an accurate account, is that discovered by Cornelius Gemma, in 1572, in the chair of Cassiopeia. On its first appearance it surpassed in splendor even Jupiter and Venus, and was visible on the meridian in broad day. During sixteen months it continued to shine; its color experienced considerable changes. It first was of a brilliant white, from which it changed to a reddish yellow, like the color of Mars or Aldebaran; and lastly to a leaden white, somewhat like that of Saturn. The suddenness of its appearance and the changes in color, seem to point forcibly to a vast combustion as the origin of this extraordinary phenomenon. In the year 1604 a similar appearance was seen in the constellation of Serpentarius.

Here then, throughout the vast infinity of space we view, on a scale of magnificence too mighty for the grasp of feeble man, the glorious workmanship of heaven's high King, and see them still the objects of his care and love. We behold at one time, new systems forming in the mighty void, fitted for becoming crowded receptacles of joyous life; at another, a whole system in flames, the great central luminary and all its planets, together with their smiling plains, lofty mountains, leafy groves, scattered villages, crowded cities and teeming population, all in one mass of glowing fire, destroyed and gone for ever.

And yet what is this scene, fearful as it seems to man even in anticipation, when taken in view of the vast extent of God's boundless creation? 'Tis but as the falling of a leaf, teeming with microscopic life, into the stream beneath. And our world, too, must ere long share this fate. Time, with his rapid wing, is swiftly bringing on the hour when the Creator of all shall descend on his great white throne, to judge the people in righteousness, and the nations of the earth with equity. In that fearful hour when the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised, and standing before eternal Justice, receive the just reward of their conduct. Amid the thunder of heaven's artillery and the terrific splendor of its fires, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the whole circle of our solar system be in one general blaze; yet will it be but the destruction of one small spot in the scale of the Almighty's universe, and will still leave it an entire scene of greatness and majesty.

These views, thus opened by astronomy with the magnificent immensity of the Almighty's works, need not, cannot restrain the mind of man even within their vast limits. Shall he think that because his wing is weary, and his eye dim with gazing on the magnitude, multitude, and splendor of God's creation, he has beheld the whole, and that the rest of space is left an empty blank, without one evidence of Heaven's benevolence and power? Had man retained the powers with which he was endowed at his creation, how know we where his mighty mind would have soared—into what distant regions of far off space his eagle eye would have pierced—what instruments he might have constructed to aid his God-like faculties in their pursuits—how angelic aid might at once have lightened his labor and increased his enjoyment, by descriptions of other families that dwell in far off worlds, and hymn their songs of praise to the common Benefactor of the universe? We may not be now permitted to know all this; but may we not safely conjecture that if man has been able to accomplish so much in his present enfeebled and beclouded condition, with all his faculties prostrated in the dust, and his energies bound down by vice and ignorance, he could have accomplished, and will, when he shall have been restored to his pristine strength and purity in paradise, accomplish much, *very* much more.

Even now we behold him under the sacred influence of Christianity, rousing from the deep lethargy that

weighed him down, and like a second Sampson, showing his primitive vigor in the ease with which in his present blind, bound, and enfeebled condition, he tears down the ponderous temple and collected thousands. If now he grasps the distances of yonder glowing luminaries, weighs the sun as in a balance, separates the constituents of that subtle light which variegates the robe of nature with her richest hues, renders both winds and waves subservient to his will, takes with perfect impunity the thunder from the clouds and plays with the forked lightnings of heaven, what could he not have done—where, short of omnipotence itself, would his powers have been limited, had he not by transgression and guilt fallen from his first estate of purity and intelligence? May we not reasonably suppose, that had he never fallen, as his capacities would have been stronger, clearer and more active, so his knowledge would have been more extensive and accurate, his pleasures more enlarged and delightful, his tastes more refined, his principles, and in short, his whole being, more exalted and ennobled? We cannot suppose for a moment that his present advances in knowledge would form any thing like a correct standard by which to have then measured his attainments. Ah, no. Then, with an eye keen as the eagle's in the sunbeam's blaze, he would have pierced into the hidden wonders of nature, laid open its solecisms, and with his exact calculations and demonstrations, removed cloud after cloud from the field before him, till the whole prospect should have shone with perfection and glory.

No rational mind can indulge the thought, that those innumerable worlds, whose existence we have so briefly noticed, were created either for no purpose, or for the almost useless one of exciting the wonder and the fears of man. It would be no evidence of either wisdom or benevolence to form them for such purposes; nor does it accord with the manifestations of divine wisdom in any other portion of nature's wide domain. We hope to show, ere we lay down our pen, that *all* nature teems in every part with tokens of design and benevolence, and we conceive they are not wanting even here. From our present knowledge of those distant worlds, we are assured that the planets and asteroids have an annual motion round the sun, which divides their time into years; and a diurnal one, on their own axis, which affords them day and night: that they have atmospheres of greater or less density, and hence more or less capable of supporting clouds and ministering to the vegetation of the wanderer; that almost all are variegated by hill and dale, some of their mountains being ten miles high, and many of them volcanic, as is seen by their increasing brightness at different times; that their equators are, like ours, more or less inclined to the ecliptic, thus bringing a larger portion of their surface under the influence of the solar rays. These facts, with others which might be adduced, show conclusively, that there must have been some nobler object in view when these worlds were spoken into being, than to produce terror on the superstitious and weak-minded; and certainly a striking proof of waste of power, want of wis-

dom, and absence of benevolence, in any being who could so have formed them. Is it not rather in unison with the operations of nature, as far as we are acquainted with them on our own earth, to suppose them inhabited by intelligences fitted for their several situations and stations, as is invariably the case here; that the hills and dales of those distant worlds resound their Maker's praise from lips that ne'er have hymned any other song; and that every breeze is redolent with the sweet sacrifices of grateful hearts?

Is not this view of nature's immensity calculated to reduce the lofty conceptions of man's proud heart to their true level—the dust? And whilst he beholds the mighty Preserver of the universe, controlling, governing and directing every motion of those splendid and capacious suns, with all their revolving worlds around, through system rolling onward with eternal ages, so that no jarring e'er occurs in all the combined forces of that mighty mechanism; and at the same time extending his paternal regards to every creature that peoples those myriads of worlds, arranging its structure, adapting its powers to its offices, placing it in the most favorable location, bringing around it the most agreeable circumstances and states of the natural world, supplying its necessities, ministering to its comforts, consoling its sorrows, affording it numerous and delightful opportunities of active enjoyment, and to his favorite creature, man, affording the prospect of a boundless and endless felicity, the extent and magnitude of which is so magnificent that “eye hath not seen it, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath laid up for them that love him,” will not he learn to place increasing confidence in his almighty power and goodness? Will it not also be calculated, by extending his acquaintance with his fellow beings of every kind, the workmanship of his Father's hand, and calling into more energetic and constant exercise the finer and nobler feelings of his nature, to enlarge the benevolence of his heart, elevate his general character in the scale of moral being, and stimulate him to greater exertions in the various kind offices, which the unavoidable necessities of humanity in this vale of tears and sorrow, so often require at his hands?



“Tis storm; and, hid in mist from hour to hour,  
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;  
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:  
Dark is the region as with coming night;  
But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!  
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,  
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;  
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine  
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline;  
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,  
At once to pillars turned that flamed with gold:  
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun  
The west, that burns like one dilated sun,  
Where in a mighty crucible expire  
The mountains, glowing hot like coals of fire.”



## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

FROM STEPHENS' INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.\*

WE will commence our extracts from Mr. Stephens' book with his first visit to Copan. From his approach to the Copan river, on the opposite side of which the wall of the city was visible, Mr. Stephen's Journal proceeds thus:

"At this place the river was not fordable; we returned to our mules, mounted, and rode to another part of the bank, a short distance above. The stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a footpath encumbered with undergrowth, which Jose opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules.

"The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike any thing we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an 'Idol;' and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematic devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and for ever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workman-

ship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the ends of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

"We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibes, or wild cotton-trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded. Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long lost Petra, the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, say historians, was peopled by savages; but savages never reared these structures, savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was 'Quien sabe?'—'who knows?'

"There were no associations connected with the

\* See Notices.

place; none of those stirring recollections which hallow Rome, Athens, and

"The world's great mistress on the Egyptian plain;"

but architecture, sculpture, and painting, all the arts which embellish life, had flourished in this overgrown forest; orators, warriors, and statesmen, beauty, ambition, and glory, had lived and passed away, and none knew that such things had been, or could tell of their past existence. Books, the records of knowledge, are silent on this theme. The city was desolate. No remnant of this race hangs round the ruins, with traditions handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation. It lay before us like a shattered bark in the midst of the ocean, her masts gone, her name effaced, her crew perished, and none to tell whence she came, to whom she belonged, how long on her voyage, or what caused her destruction; her lost people to be traced only by some fancied resemblance in the construction of the vessel, and, perhaps, never to be known at all. The place where we sat, was it a citadel from which an unknown people had sounded the trumpet of war? or a temple for the worship of the God of peace? or did the inhabitants worship the idols made with their own hands, and offer sacrifices on the stones before them? All was mystery, dark, impenetrable mystery, and every circumstance increased it. In Egypt the colossal skeletons of gigantic temples stand in the unwatered sands in all the nakedness of desolation; here an immense forest shrouded the ruins, hiding them from sight, heightening the impression and moral effect, and giving an intensity and almost wildness to the interest.

"It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there were no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disinterred; and when the machete rang against the chiseled stone, I pushed the Indians away, and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World. After several hours absence I returned to Mr. Catherwood, and reported upward of fifty objects to be copied.

"Copan lies in the district of country now known as the state of Honduras, one of the most fertile valleys in central America, and to this day famed for the superiority of its tobacco. Mr. Catherwood made several attempts to determine the longitude, but the artificial

horizon which we took with us expressly for such purposes had become bent, and, like the barometer, was useless. The ruins are on the left bank of the Copan river, which empties into the Motagua, and so passes into the Bay of Honduras near Omoa, distant perhaps three hundred miles from the sea. The Copan river is not navigable, even for canoes, except for a short time in the rainy season. Falls interrupt its course before it empties into the Motagua. Cortez, in his terrible journey from Mexico to Honduras, of the hardships of which, even now, when the country is comparatively open, and free from masses of enemies, it is difficult to form a conception, must have passed within two days march of this city.

"The extent along the river, as ascertained by monuments still found, is more than two miles. There is one monument on the opposite side of the river, at the distance of a mile, on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high. Whether the city ever crossed the river, and extended to that monument, it is impossible to say. I believe not. At the rear is an unexplored forest, in which there may be ruins. There are no remains of palaces or private buildings, and the principal part is that which stands on the bank of the river, and may, perhaps, with propriety be called the Temple.

"This temple is an oblong inclosure. The front or river wall extends on a right line north and south six hundred and twenty-four feet, and it is from sixty to ninety feet in height. It is made of cut stone, from three to six feet in length, and a foot and a half in breadth. In many places the stones have been thrown down by bushes growing out of the crevices, and in one place there is a small opening, from which the ruins are sometimes called by the Indians Las Ventanas, or the windows. The other three sides consist of ranges of steps and pyramidal structures, rising from thirty to one hundred and forty feet in height on the slope. The whole line of survey is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-six feet, which, though gigantic and extraordinary for a ruined structure of the aborigines, that the reader's imagination may not mislead him, I consider it necessary to say, is not so large as the base of the great Pyramid of Ghizeh.

"Near the southwest corner of the river wall and the south wall is a recess, which was probably once occupied by a colossal monument fronting the water, no part of which is now visible; probably it has fallen and been broken, and the fragments have been buried or washed away by the floods of the rainy season. Beyond are the remains of two small pyramidal structures, to the largest of which is attached a wall running along the west bank of the river; this appears to have been one of the principal walls of the city; and between the two pyramids there seems to have been a gateway or principal entrance from the water.

"The south wall runs at right angles to the river, beginning with a range of steps about thirty feet high, and each step about eighteen inches square. At the southeast corner is a massive pyramidal structure one hundred and twenty feet high on the slope. On the



right are other remains of terraces and pyramidal buildings; and here also was probably a gateway, by a passage about twenty feet wide, into a quadrangular area two hundred and fifty feet square, two sides of which are massive pyramids one hundred and twenty feet high on the slope.

"At the foot of these structures, and in different parts of the quadrangular area, are numerous remains of sculpture. There is a colossal monument richly sculptured, fallen, and ruined. Behind it fragments of sculpture, thrown from their places by trees, are strewn and lying loose on the side of the pyramid, from the base to the top; and among them our attention was forcibly arrested by rows of death's heads of gigantic proportions, still standing in their places about half way up the side of the pyramid; the effect was extraordinary.

"At the time of our visit, we had no doubt that these were death's heads; but it has been suggested to me that the drawing is more like the skull of a monkey than that of a man. And, in connection with this remark, I add what attracted our attention, though not so forcibly at the time. Among the fragments on this side were the remains of a colossal ape or baboon, strongly resembling in outline and appearance the four monstrous animals which once stood in front attached to the base of the obelisk of Luxor, now in Paris, and which, under the name of Cynocephali, were worshipped at Thebes. This fragment was about six feet high. The head was wanting; the trunk lay on the side of the pyramid, and we rolled it down several steps, when it fell among a mass of stones, from which we could not disengage it. We had no such idea at the time, but it is not absurd to suppose the sculptured skulls to be intended for the heads of monkeys, and that these animals were worshipped as deities by the people who built Copan.

"The plan was complicated, and, the whole ground being overgrown with trees, difficult to make out. There was no entire pyramid, but, at most, two or three pyramidal sides, and these joined on to terraces or other structures of the same kind. Beyond the wall of inclosure were walls, terraces, and pyramidal elevations running off into the forest, which sometimes confused us. Probably the whole was not erected at the same time, but additions were made and statues erected by different kings, or, perhaps, in commemoration of important events in the history of the city. Along the whole line were ranges of steps with pyramidal elevations, probably crowned on the top with buildings or altars now ruined. All these steps and the pyramidal sides were painted, and the reader may imagine the effect when the whole country was clear of forest, and priest and people were ascending from the outside to the terraces, and thence to the holy places within to pay their adoration in the temple.

"The day after our survey was finished, as a relief we set out for a walk to the old stone quarries of Copan. Very soon we abandoned the path along the riv-

er, and turned off to the left. The ground was broken, the forest thick, and all the way we had an Indian before us with his machete, cutting down branches and saplings. The range lies about two miles north from the river, and runs east and west. At the foot of it we crossed a wild stream. The side of the mountain was overgrown with bushes and trees. The top was bare, and commanded a magnificent view of a dense forest, broken only by the winding of the Copan river, and the clearings for the haciendas of Don Gregorio and Don Miguel. The city was buried in forest, and entirely hidden from sight. Imagination peopled the quarry with workmen, and laid bare the city to their view. Here, as the sculptor worked, he turned to the theatre of his glory, as the Greek did to the Acropolis of Athens, and dreamed of immortal fame. Little did he imagine that the time would come when his works would perish, his race be extinct, his city a desolation and abode for reptiles, for strangers to gaze at and wonder by what race it had once been inhabited.

"The stone is of a soft grit. The range extended a long distance, seemingly unconscious that stone enough had been taken from its sides to build a city. How the huge masses were transported over the irregular and broken surface we had crossed, and particularly how one of them was set up on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high, it was impossible to conjecture. In many places were blocks which had been quarried out and rejected for some defect; and at one spot, midway in a ravine leading toward the river, was a gigantic block, much larger than any we saw in the city, which was probably on its way thither, to be carved and set up as an ornament, when the labors of the workmen were arrested. Like the unfinished blocks in the quarries at Assouan and on the Pentelican Mountain, it remains as a memorial of baffled human plans.

"We remained all day on the top of the range. The close forest in which we had been laboring made us feel more sensibly the beauty of the extended view. On the top of the range was a quarried block. With the chay stone found among the ruins, and supposed to be the instrument of sculpture, we wrote our names upon it. They stand alone, and few will ever see them. Late in the afternoon we returned, and struck the river about a mile above the ruins, near a stone wall with a circular building and a pit, apparently for a reservoir.

"Of the moral effect of the monuments themselves, standing as they do in the depths of a tropical forest, silent and solemn, strange in design, excellent in sculpture, rich in ornament, different from the works of any other people, their uses and purposes, their whole history so entirely unknown, with hieroglyphics explaining all, but perfectly unintelligible, I shall not pretend to convey an idea. Often the imagination was pained in gazing at them. The tone which pervades the ruins is that of deep solemnity. An imaginative mind might be infected with superstitious feelings. From constantly calling them by that name in our intercourse

with the Indians, we regarded these solemn memorials as 'idols'—deified kings and heroes—objects of adoration and ceremonial worship. We did not find on either of the monuments or sculptured fragments any delineations of human, or, in fact, any other kind of sacrifice, but had no doubt that the large sculptured stone invariably found before each 'idol' was employed as a sacrificial altar. The form of sculpture most frequently met with was a death's head, sometimes the principal ornament, and sometimes only accessory; whole rows of them on the outer wall, adding gloom to the mystery of the place, keeping before the eyes of the living death and the grave, presenting the idea of a holy city—the Mecca or Jerusalem of an unknown people.

"In regard to the age of this desolate city I shall not at present offer any conjecture. Some idea might perhaps be formed from the accumulations of earth and the gigantic trees growing on the top of the ruined structures, but it would be uncertain and unsatisfactory. Nor shall I at this moment offer any conjecture in regard to the people who built it, or to the time when or the means by which it was depopulated, and became a desolation and ruin; whether it fell by the sword, or famine, or pestilence. The trees which shroud it may have sprung from the blood of its slaughtered inhabitants; they may have perished howling with hunger; or pestilence, like the cholera, may have piled its streets with dead, and driven for ever the feeble remnants from their homes; of which dire calamities to other cities we have authentic accounts, in eras both prior and subsequent to the discovery of the country by the Spaniards. One thing I believe, that its history is graven on its monuments. No Champollion has yet brought to them the energies of his inquiring mind. Who shall read them?

'Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say "here *was* or *is*," where all was doubly night.'

"In conclusion, I will barely remark, that if this is the place referred to by the Spanish historian as conquered by Hernando de Chaves, which I almost doubt, at that time its broken monuments, terraces, pyramidal structures, portals, walls, and sculptured figures were entire, and all were painted; the Spanish soldiers must have gazed at them with astonishment and wonder; and it seems strange that a European army could have entered it without spreading its fame through official reports of generals and exaggerated stories of soldiers. At least, no European army could enter such a city now without this result following; but the silence of the Spaniards may be accounted for by the fact that these conquerors of America were illiterate and ignorant adventurers, eager in pursuit of gold, and blind to every thing else; or, if reports were made, the Spanish government, with a jealous policy observed down to the last moment of her dominion, suppressed every thing that might attract the attention of rival nations to her American possessions."

Mr. Stephens gives the following account of the ruins

of Quirigua, the second "lost city" which he visited:

"The general character of these ruins is the same as at Copan. The monuments are much larger, but they are sculptured in lower relief, less rich in design, and more faded and worn, probably being of a much older date.

"Of one thing there is no doubt: a large city once stood there; its name is lost, its history unknown; and, except for a notice taken from Mr. C.'s notes, and inserted by the Senores Payés in a Guatemala paper after the visit, which found its way to this country and Europe, no account of its existence has ever before been published. For centuries it has lain as completely buried as if covered with the lava of Vesuvius. Every traveler from Yzabal to Guatemala has passed within three hours of it; we ourselves had done the same; and yet there it lay, like the rock-built city of Edom, unvisited, unsought, and utterly unknown."

His notice of Palenque, the queen of ruined cities, is introduced thus:

"In two hours we reached the river Micol, and in half an hour more that of Otula, darkened by the shade of the woods, and breaking beautifully over a stony bed. Forging this, very soon we saw masses of stones, and then a round sculptured stone. We spurred up a sharp ascent of fragments, so steep that the mules could barely climb it, to a terrace so covered, like the whole road, with trees, that it was impossible to make out the form. Continuing on this terrace, we stopped at the foot of a second, when our Indians cried out 'el Palacio,' 'the palace,' and through openings in the trees we saw the front of a large building richly ornamented with stuccoed figures on the pilasters, curious and elegant; trees growing close against it, and their branches entering the doors; in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful.

"We had reached the end of our long and toilsome journey, and the first glance indemnified us for our toil. For the first time we were in a building erected by the aboriginal inhabitants, standing before the Europeans knew of the existence of this continent, and we prepared to take up our abode under its roof."

The palace is described as follows:

"That the reader may know the character of the objects we had to interest us, I proceed to give a description of the building in which we lived, called the palace.

"It stands on an artificial elevation of an oblong form forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet in front and rear, and two hundred and sixty feet on each side. This elevation was formerly faced with stone, which has been thrown down by the growth of trees, and its form is hardly distinguishable.

"The building stands with its face to the east, and measures two hundred and twenty-eight feet front by one hundred and eighty feet deep. Its height is not more than twenty-five feet, and all around it had a broad projecting cornice of stone. The front contained fourteen door-ways, about nine feet wide each, and the intervening piers are between six and seven feet wide.



On the left (in approaching the palace) eight of the piers have fallen down, as has also the corner on the right, and the terrace underneath is cumbered with the ruins. But six piers remain entire, and the rest of the front is open.

"The building was constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, and the whole front was covered with stucco and painted. The piers were ornamented with spirited figures in bas-relief. On the top are three hieroglyphics sunk in the stucco. It is inclosed by a richly ornamented border, about ten feet high and six wide, of which only a part now remains. The principal personage stands in an upright position and in profile, exhibiting an extraordinary facial angle of about forty-five degrees. The upper part of the head seems to have been compressed and lengthened, perhaps by the same process employed upon the heads of the Choctaw and Flathead Indians of our own country. The head represents a different species from any now existing in that region of country; and supposing the statues to be images of living personages, or the creations of artists according to their ideas of perfect figures, they indicate a race of people now lost and unknown. The head-dress is evidently a plume of feathers. Over the shoulders is a short covering decorated with studs, and a breastplate; part of the ornament of the girdle is broken; the tunic is probably a leopard's skin; and the whole dress no doubt exhibits the costume of this unknown people. He holds in his hand a staff or sceptre, and opposite his hands are the marks of three hieroglyphics, which have decayed or been broken off. At his feet are two naked figures seated cross-legged, and apparently suppliants. A fertile imagination might find many explanations for these strange figures, but no satisfactory interpretation presents itself to my mind. The hieroglyphics doubtless tell its history. The stucco is of admirable consistency, and hard as stone. It was painted, and in different places about it we discovered the remains of red, blue, yellow, black, and white.

"The piers which are still standing contained other figures of the same general character, but which, unfortunately, are more mutilated, and from the declivity of the terrace it was difficult to set up the camera lucida in such a position as to draw them. The piers which are fallen were no doubt enriched with the same ornaments. Each one had some specific meaning, and the whole probably presented some allegory or history; and when entire and painted, the effect in ascending the terrace must have been imposing and beautiful.

"The principal doorway is not distinguished by its size or by any superior ornament, but is only indicated by a range of broad stone steps leading up to it on the terrace. The doorways have no doors, nor are there the remains of any. Within, on each side, are three niches in the wall, about eight or ten inches square, with a cylindrical stone about two inches in diameter fixed upright, by which perhaps a door was secured. Along the cornice outside, projecting about a foot beyond the front, holes were drilled at intervals through the stone; and our impression was, that an immense

cotton cloth, running the whole length of the building, perhaps painted in a style corresponding with the ornaments, was attached to this cornice, and raised and lowered like a curtain, according to the exigencies of sun and rain. Such a curtain is used now in front of the piazzas of some haciendas in Yucatan.

"The tops of the doorways were all broken. They had evidently been square, and over every one were large niches in the wall on each side, in which the lintels had been laid. These lintels had all fallen, and the stones above formed broken natural arches. Underneath were heaps of rubbish, but there were no remains of lintels. If they had been single slabs of stone, some of them must have been visible and prominent; and we made up our minds that these lintels were of wood. We had no authority for this. It is not suggested either by Del Rio or Captain Dupaix, and perhaps we should not have ventured the conclusion but for the wooden lintel which we had seen over the doorway at Ocosingo; and by what we saw afterward in Yucatan, we were confirmed, beyond all doubt, in our opinion. I do not conceive, however, that this gives any conclusive data in regard to the age of the buildings. The wood, if such as we saw in the other places, would be very lasting; its decay must have been extremely slow, and centuries may have elapsed since it perished altogether.

"The building has two parallel corridors running lengthwise on all four of its sides. In front these corridors are about nine feet wide, and extend the whole length of the building upward of two hundred feet. In the long wall that divides them there is but one door, which is opposite the principal door of entrance, and has a corresponding one on the other side, leading to a court-yard in the rear. The floors are of cement, as hard as the best seen in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns. The walls are about ten feet high, plastered, and on each side of the principal entrance ornamented with medallions, of which the borders only remain; these perhaps contained the busts of the royal family. The separating wall had apertures of about a foot, probably intended for purposes of ventilation.

"The builders were evidently ignorant of the principles of the arch, and the support was made by stones lapping over as they rose, as at Ocosingo, and among the Cyclopean remains in Greece and Italy. Along the top was a layer of flat stone, and the sides, being plastered, presented a flat surface.

"On each side of the court-yard the palace was divided into apartments, probably for sleeping. On the right the piers have all fallen down. On the left they are still standing, and ornamented with stucco figures. In the centre apartment, in one of the holes before referred to of the arch, are the remains of a wooden pole about a foot long, which once stretched across, but the rest had decayed. It was the only piece of wood we found at Palenque, and we did not discover this until after we had made up our minds in regard to the wooden lintels over the doors. It was much worm-eaten."

Original.

## THE CAPTURED BUGLE.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

It is not generally known that after the long siege of Fort Meigs the enemy invested that post the second time. Although this is but slightly or incidentally mentioned in some accounts of the last war, yet it was an expedition that was largely presumed on by the English. The intention was to carry out a stratagem which had been conceived and principally planned by the celebrated Indian chieftain Tecumseh. It is spoken of to the present day, by the veterans of the Rapids, as "Tecumseh's sham battle." After the first repulse of the British, measures of very strict precaution were adopted. One improvement was the establishment of a piquet guard in the edge of the clearing, to prevent a surprise. This guard was generally marched out at the rising, and remanded into the fort at the setting of the sun. The post was occupied at first with true military vigilance. But as no enemy appeared for sometime, the soldiers became very careless. They would sometimes stack their arms, kindle a fire, and spend the whole day in telling stories, playing cards, &c. One lovely morning, as the guard were marching out, not strictly in the order of battle, and were within a few yards of their post, as many as eight or ten rifles blazed away from the thicket, and not more than two men made good their retreat. It was soon evident that we were again surrounded by an English and Indian force. They lay round our fortress for several days. As no batteries were constructed, and no besieging engines or apparatus could be discovered, the general belief was that they meditated a storm. Indeed, constant efforts were made to deepen this impression. Every morning before daylight, they marched round the fort, (at a respectable distance, of course,) playing on a single instrument, which poured forth the most perfect and lovely music of the kind which we had ever heard. Mullen, who was one of the volunteer band, and who was passionately fond of instrumental music, would listen with the most profound but quizzical attention, presenting either ear alternately, blinking significantly, like a magpie, until the close of the air, and then would exclaim, with the strongest assurance imaginable, "Boys, I will never see Petersburg again until I blow a blast with that same sweet bugle." This always provoked a burst of incredulous laughter; but as often as the music came round, he would repeat his unreasonable prophecy, to the no small diversion of his comrades. After the enemy had made their pompous and harmless promenades, until they had lost both their novelty and terror, they aimed to carry into execution the scheme of their grand ambush. About 10, A. M., on a sultry morning, a distant, continuous roar of small arms was heard on the Sandusky road, but heard very indistinctly. The sound, however, rapidly increased. It seemed as if a reinforcement was fighting its way to the camp. Hark! hark! Now they rush on with an impetuosity that bears down all opposition. Louder and louder—

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nigher and nigher! Well done old Kentuck! Now they will cut their way through, in spite of red coats or red skins. But now, alas, alas! they retreat, they fly! They are making back for Sandusky. The din of the battle recedes toward the settlement. No, no; they rally to the charge. Onward the human tempest comes—"enlarging, deepening, mingling peal on peal." Now they have almost gained the clearing—columns of smoke are seen rolling up among the branches of the trees—the roar of rifles and musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, the shouts of the soldiers, the brutal yells of savages are heard. All the horrors of the battle-field are about to burst upon our sight. The soldiers in the garrison are standing at their posts in almost breathless anxiety, with their strained and aching eyes fastened on the underbrush, expecting every moment to see our victorious band make their debut, amid the cheers and huzzas of the whole fortress. But O, sad reverse! A general fight commences. The British and Indians seem to drive the retreating forces like sheep to the slaughter. At this juncture the troops in the fort became almost unmanageable. "There," said some, "see how they are driving and cutting up our men, our *friends*, our *BRETHREN*, who have pressed to relieve us, and that right under our guns. Here we are with our hands in our pockets—where is the general? O, if Harrison was only in the fort!" Some could scarcely be restrained by the officers from springing over the picketing, while some wept like children. Messengers were dispatched through the lines with the information that the commander had received, the evening before, an express from Harrison, stating that he would send on *no reinforcements*. While the running fight was raging in all its fury, an unusually black cloud, which had been gathering over our heads for sometime, began to discharge its magazines of forked lightning and deafening thunder. In a few minutes the rain fell in mighty torrents. The martial flame of ardent warriors became quenched, and in one moment the clamor of battle ceased. We were told by prisoners, that several of Tecumseh's men realized, by fatal experience, that the battle, so far as they were concerned, was *no sham* at all. The Irish soldiers cherished such a mortal hatred to their red allies, that they occasionally dropped in a bullet, and laid some of their finest braves on the ground. We were subsequently informed, that pending the engagement, the English cavalry were posted both above and below the fort, under cover of the forest. Their orders were to rush between the garrison and combatants, as soon as a sortie might be made. It was also contemplated to make a sudden assault, by choice troops, on the most defenseless quarter of the camp at the same time. In all this our enemies were disappointed. The taking of Fort Meigs by stratagem was doubtless the principal object of their expedition. Being much chagrined by their entire failure, and believing in the old proverb, that "a half of a loaf is better than no loaf," they confidently filed off to Fort Stevenson, to take that "for certain." But here they met with a very disgraceful defeat. Soon



after, the army at Meigs marched for camp Seneca, to await the battle that was expected on the lake. There were the prisoners who had been taken at Fort Stevenson, and amongst them the little trumpeter who had so often and so untimely partly charmed and partly frightened us to our quarters. And Mullen—yes, Mullen, had the inexpressible satisfaction of giving us his best flourish on the captured BUGLE. But as slavery debases all subjected to its malign touch, the sweet instrument was stripped of all that interest and melody with which peculiar circumstances had graced it. It no longer threw its wild notes over the nocturnal solitude of the Maumee, and told a startled enemy, that it was followed by "*an army with banners.*" Indeed, its legitimate owner, like the captive Israelite, could no longer breathe, with complacency, the loyal airs of old England "*in a strange land.*"

Original.

### TO A FRIEND.

BY G. WATERMAN.

THERE is a force, by man unseen,  
Which binds the planets to the sun,  
And reaching past their utmost bounds,  
Encircles systems yet unknown;  
But there's a cord of stronger power,  
Which knits together kindred souls,  
And though of silken fibres made,  
It binds the heart—the will controls.

Though formed on earth, it ends not here;  
For longer than the worlds have stood,  
Its mighty influence may endure,  
To bind us to the throne of God.  
And shall this bond *our* souls unite,  
When we have pass'd the bounds of time,  
And entered on the future state,  
Surrounded by its scenes sublime?

Shall we together trace the course  
In which celestial systems move,  
And to fulfill some high command,  
Through all their numerous members rove;  
And borne by pinions swift as thought,  
Throughout the wide creation roam,  
And feel that all these blissful spheres  
Are parts of our eternal home?

Shall we before the throne of God  
With all the sons of light appear—  
In spotless innocence arrayed,  
With them a crown of glory wear;  
And while eternal years roll on,  
Our perfect bliss but just begun,  
Shall we in their blest songs unite,  
Our joys, our aims, our prospects one?

Or shall the gloom of endless death  
Enshroud these glories from our sight,  
And our eternity be fixed  
Amid the shades of hopeless night?  
May such not be our mournful state;  
But *now*, while life and hope are given,  
May we secure the priceless pearl,  
And seek our happiness in heaven!

Original.

### T W I L I G H T .

Now twilight's lovely hour has come  
And silence reigns around;  
The sun has sought his western home—  
The dew is on the ground.

Aloft the empress of the night,  
The moon, so brightly fair,  
Beams with a soft and mellow light,  
Forth through the misty air.

And gleaming far as eye can reach,  
Those silver stars of even;  
How sweetly, silently, they preach  
Of Him who rules the heaven.

His fingers made the glorious sun,  
To rule the world by day;  
He formed the stars and queenly moon,  
And placed them in the sky.

I love the tranquil twilight hour;  
A holy calm it brings,  
And draws us with mysterious power  
To muse on heavenly things.

Sweet, solemn thoughts come o'er me now,  
Peace o'er my soul is shed,  
And faithful mem'ry brings to view  
The loved and sainted dead.

Last hour of the departing day,  
Fain would I welcome thee;  
Yes, I would cast earth's cares away,  
And set my spirit free.

And O, when life's last lingering ray  
Beams faintly in my heart,  
And from this tenement of clay  
Is waiting to depart,

May I more gladly then rejoice—  
May peace possess my breast,  
And I with rapture hear the voice  
That calls me to my rest!

LOUISA.

"REFLECTED on the lake, I love  
To see the stars of evening glow;  
So tranquil in the heavens above,  
So restless in the wave below."

Original.

## THE EUROCLYDON.

BY S. T. GILLET.

THE frequent acts of piracy committed on merchant vessels in the Archipelago by Grecian freebooters, in the years 1828 and 1829, made it necessary for an American man-of-war to be constantly present in those seas to convey our ships clear of the islands.

During a continuance of thirteen months on service of this nature, we became well acquainted with the peculiarities of these latitudes, one of which is "a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," in the 27th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, but known in modern days as the "Levanter." It blows from the east, veering from N. E. to E. S. E., and sometimes continuing ten or fifteen days—a damp misty atmosphere usually accompanies it, rendering the navigation among the islands dangerous. Our ship ran down before one of these winds as far as Cape Matapan, with a Boston brig under convoy, and deeming her clear of dangerous latitudes, we hauled our wind off the island of Cerigo, (the Cythera of the ancients,) and with a head sea and double reefed topsail gale, stood back for Smyrna, while our convoy under a press of canvass continued on to the west rolling most tremendously. Indeed, as we parted company, fears were entertained that the brig would roll the masts out of her, for the sea would become higher as she increased her distance from shore, and there is no situation where the masts and rigging are more strained than before the wind in a high sea. But while watching the brig as she rolled and tumbled about among the waves, we were called to attend to our own safety, as the hoarse voice of the boatswain, followed by his mates, was heard summoning "all hands to work ship, ahoy!"

Just ahead of us we saw a cluster of rocks, called the "Corvos," or Crows, from their black appearance; and it was thought unsafe to approach them in a gale without "all hands" on deck. The officers and crew repaired to their stations, and silence reigned fore and aft, as we passed close to leeward of them without touching a brace. This served to introduce us to them preparatory to a more intimate acquaintance during the approaching night. At sunset the watch received their hammocks, and the gale not increasing, the usual arrangements for the night only were made. During the first watch we occasionally wore ship, the wind being too high for putting her in stays. Having the middle watch, I came on deck at midnight, and found the weather boisterous and rainy, and the sea dashing the spray freely over the top-gallant fore-castle. My relief recommended great vigilance, saying he believed we were running directly on the Corvos. At one o'clock, the voice of the first lieutenant was heard aft, giving orders in great haste, to "put the helm up, and shiver the after yards." As the ship payed off to leeward, we saw the breakers close aboard, but which we saw time enough to avoid. After standing off awhile, we

again wore heading inshore, thus throwing the ship again into danger. I am inclined to believe the captain considered the ship to windward of her true position. At two o'clock the gale increased, the heavens became black and threatening, and the darkness intense, except when broken by the flashes of lightning, which on disappearing left a momentary blindness. The captain, first lieutenant, and master, remained on deck, which showed that in their opinion the ship was in some peril. Still we did not wear, or change the course. Between the peals of thunder the officer of the deck frequently called out, "A bright look-out ahead," and as often was answered with the usual response, "Aye, aye, sir," from each of the look-outs. At three o'clock, the storm increasing, and the sea running high, the halliards were let go, and the topsails settled on the cap, and the topmen sent aloft to take in a close reef. These, with the fore-top-mast stay-sail, was all the sail on the ship. At this juncture, the lee look-out called my attention to a dark object to leeward. I instantly cried out, "Breakers on the lee bow!" "Can we weather them?" replied the trumpet. "Breakers ahead!" halloed out the men on the fore-top-sail yard. "Breakers on the lee beam!" cried the look-out at the lee gangway. These reports following each other in quick succession seemed to say the ship is lost, and no small stir existed on board, as the men below came tumbling up the hatchways, and half asleep hurried to the gangways and fore-castle, to see the danger and look out for self-preservation. "Board the fore and main tacks, and call all hands," thundered the officer of the deck through the trumpet. As this order was given, the continued flashes of lightning revealed rocks on the weather bow; but the howling of the tempest and the roar of the thunder preventing me from being heard, I started aft to report "rocks to windward." By this time the whole ship's company were on deck; and on my way aft in the dark I came in contact with the second lieutenant, and was precipitated by the force of the concussion down the main hatch to the berth deck. Gathering myself up, I passed through the steerage to notify the midshipmen of our danger, but found every hammock empty. Arriving on deck, I found one of the Greek pilots in the mizen rigging, but utterly at a loss what to do. The other was on his knees to leeward, calling on the saints for help. Making my report, I jumped on the lee horse-block, and saw the white surf caused by the sea breaking on the rocks close aboard. Every moment I expected her to strike, and was calculating to take my chance on the horse-block, with the purser's clerk, who just then came up to me with the ship's books lashed to his body. Thus far, the design was to weather the rocks, if possible, for there was not room to wear, and tacking in a high sea, with the top-sails on the cap, was out of the question. The first lieutenant, who had been on deck all the time, and perhaps knew better than any other man the position of the ship, jumped down to the wheel, and ordered the helm "hard up," threatening the helmsmen severely if they should dare



to deviate from his orders. At the same time he directed the fore-top-mast stay-sail sheet to be hauled aft, thus facing the danger, as though we would run the rocks down! This manœuvre saved the ship, although it seemed certain destruction. She payed off beautifully, and shot through the breakers, while the flashes of lightning illuminating the whole sea showed us the rocks close aboard on either side, with the spray dashed by the fury of the storm almost as high as our tops. With scarce time to draw a long breath, we shot through, and the breakers were astern. In one hour more, half the crew were asleep below, and the ship gallantly walking before a fair wind for Milo, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

In the midst of the danger, some duty led me into the cabin, and there I found one man who seemed to be proof against storms, and he a landsman! I informed him of our danger, and expected he would exhibit the usual alarm of persons unaccustomed to the sea. He seemed apprised of our situation, yet manifested no fear or even inclination to go on deck. This man was the Rev. Mr. —, missionary among the Greeks. Although at that time I could not fully appreciate the self-possession of a man ready for both worlds, yet the calmness of this gentleman, in a situation where death seemed just at the door, made a deep impression on my mind.

#### WIT AND ITS EVILS.

THERE are many good-natured persons, who have paid the forfeit of their lives to their love of bantering and raillery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it too dear. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often extolled, yet it has at last been extinguished for ever; and by a foe, perhaps, who had neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee. I have heard of a man in the province of Bengal, who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger. His skill gained him great eclat, and insured him much diversion; at length he narrowly escaped with his life; he then relinquished the sport, with this observation: "Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger, but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us." Again, this skill in small wit, like skill in small arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment, for even cowards have their fighting days, or we may mistake the proper man. A certain Savoyard got his livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear; he gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practice some of them upon the bear; he was dreadfully lacerated, and on being rescued with great difficulty from the gripe of bruin, he exclaimed: "What a fool was I not to distinguish between a monkey and a bear; a bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of personage, and, as you plainly see, does not understand a joke!"

Vol. I.—36

Original.

#### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY I. EBBERT.

THE endowment of speech is one of the greatest blessings our Creator has bestowed upon us. Language is peculiar to all creatures. The power of articulate expression, however, is that which signalizes us amid a host of inferiors, and allies us to all whom God has placed above us in the scale of being.

Human language is not a crude and uncomely collection of mere signs, but has in it all the elements of a regular science—a science that embraces in itself the most natural and philosophical principles; and these principles, properly arranged and applied, (as they are in our language,) produce the liveliest specimens of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity.

It is not the intention of the writer, at this time, to furnish a stricture upon general language, but to arrange for your readers a few plain thoughts, on the acquisition and proper use of our vernacular.

That the English language has been much neglected (and much to the detriment of our general literature) none will deny, and neglected, too, by all classes, especially in those places where, of all others, we would look for its diligent cultivation. The high and the low have generally found what with them has been a reason for not laboring to acquaint themselves with their own tongue. Ordinary persons (we mean persons of ordinary education) have not studied it, because, *in their opinion*, it is at best vague and indefinite; and the scholar has supposed that other things had superior claims upon his attention. The former notion is not true—the latter is simple and absurd.

That there are forms of expression in the English language, which philologists (because they have no rules to dispose of them in grammatical order) have agreed to call *idioms, anomalies, &c.*, we do not deny but that these necessarily render our language vague, we do deny. They are not defects, but beauties, as we hope to be able to show. The *idioms, anomalies, &c.*, peculiar to English, can be accounted for, and accounted for in a way that not only rebuts the above charge, but speaks much in favor of the power of our language to regulate, to fix, and to harmonize.

The English language originally came from the Saxon, but has been immensely enriched and strengthened in later times, from the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and also, to an extent, from the German—more particularly, however, from Greek and Latin. Indeed, some have gone so far as to declare, that to these it owes both its energy and its excellence.

Now let it be remembered, that each of these languages has a multitude of peculiarities, and also each, a logic and philosophy of its own; and further, while there is a oneness in universal grammar, yet in the particular grammar of all the languages that enter into the English, there are discords and collisions without number; so that it argues much for the Eng-

lish, that it has so far succeeded in harmonizing these discordant materials, as to furnish (of the whole) a language, free and energetic, concise and beautiful as ours. And instead of wondering that *some* forms have no syntax to govern them, we might rather wonder that there are not more. Moreover, it is peculiar to almost all that is *anomalous* in English, that it is essentially passionate; and since in nature emotion disdains restraint, it is no small compliment to our language, that, under the wild impulse of passion, it does the same. That, then, which others use to fix upon it the charge of vagueness and uncertainty, we view (and we conceive properly) as its ornament and excellence. So far is it, indeed, from being indefinite, that we may safely say no language under heaven has fewer ambiguous words, and more definite rules for their grammatical government and rhetorical order.

"But," says one of the class to which the above objection more properly belongs, "I will not study English, because I can accomplish the same in another and a better way. I will read standard authors; and by that means a good style will become habitual to me." That you should read "standard authors" is certainly very proper; and that they will have a happy influence upon your style we presume not to deny. But suppose you were generally believed to be right upon this topic, and all would accordingly follow your erroneous example, then who would be the judges of a "good style," or who would be the "standard authors?" Perhaps you may reply, we already have extant a host of perfect English compositions. This may be true; but you have certainly forgotten that both our language and our literature are making annual advances. But, all the probabilities to the contrary, we will grant that *you* have read "standard authors," and formed what you call a good style—that you have become so perfect, (not only in the *knowledge*, but in the *practice* of your tongue,) that only occasionally you make little mistakes, as, *I seen, he done, &c.*, and yet, although you have been so fortunate, we are compelled to say you have nevertheless made serious forfeitures.

In the first place, you have forfeited the rational enjoyment of having founded your faith in your knowledge. If you do not understand the grammatical construction of the language you read, you will frequently lose the liveliest sentiment, notwithstanding your author has correctly laid it before you; and sure as you forfeit a generous sentiment, you forfeit a *noble feeling*. And do not forget that your rational and moral nature is excellent in proportion only as you feel.

The spirit of what you read can never be transferred to you through a second or third person, as you might go to the fountain and *get* it for yourself. If you are sufficiently laborious, you may finally get it, not, however, as it is, but just as the caprice or taste of your commentator may incline him to present it. Language is to the sentiment what the body is to the soul; and in your reading, the garb of the soul may be properly adjusted, or it may not; but you have voluntarily deprived yourself of being judge.

In addition to this, you have forfeited the advantage which the exercise of study must have conferred; and this is far from being a trivial loss.

In all education two points are to be secured—the power to think closely, correctly, and with facility, and the art of expressing thought in an interesting and impressive manner. The perfection of these is the perfection of scholarship, as far as the individual's own powers are concerned. Other important acquisitions he may certainly make from history, general reading, &c.

These may be termed the externals of education, since they are not the mind's own creations, but foreign things, and merely subjects of memory. Learned and experienced teachers, with this general view of the subject, have directed the attention of their pupils to mathematics, and other abstruse sciences, as being better calculated than others to invigorate the mind, and develop the thinking powers; and so far is well. Let those who would realize and use their intellects, by all means train their minds to habits of mathematical research; but, previously, let them begin and make at least *some* proficiency in their study of our language. In favor of mathematics in general, we admit the force of every argument that has asserted their importance; and, indeed, were we to set about it, we think we should be able to assign *some* reasons why they should be studied that *we* have never heard in lectures, nor seen in print; but at the same time do enter an unqualified protest against the substitution of a knowledge of mathematics, or any thing else in the way of science, for a knowledge of the language in which we converse, and upon which we daily and hourly depend. If to know how to communicate what we have learned formed no part of our education, then our argument in favor of language would be cut off. This, however, is not the case; and any education is defective, and essentially so, that does not embody in it the art by which its benefits are rendered available to ourselves and especially to others. Mathematics, to the exclusion of other things, may make a scientific man; but to make a man or woman practically and directly useful, and prevent the mortification of daily embarrassment, a knowledge of our language is indispensable. As general departments of study, we advocate them both; but if both cannot be pursued, we give the latter a decided preference, and for this will give our reasons.

In mathematics we must of necessity think closely, but do not think in language. We compare *things*, not *words*. Our thoughts in themselves, in mathematics, have no necessary connection with articulate sounds; and when we discover the truth or principle we seek, it presents itself as it is, without dress, and before we can give it any expression, we must go back in quest of language to clothe it. This process necessarily occasions detention, and is a plausible way to account for the notorious fact, that persons of mathematical genius and knowledge, (exclusively,) are generally slow of speech, bungling in most of their expressions, and by consequence unhappy in their address.



In the study of language, (and especially the language we use,) it is not so. We think as precisely as before, and our thoughts, when first conceived, are necessarily in the words by which we express them. In the study of language we compare—not things, but words and expressions—the *powers* of words and expressions; and invariably we detect the idea in its most appropriate dress, and are always ready, without hesitation, to give what we have discovered a glowing expression. It is by this train of thought that we are able satisfactorily to account for another notorious fact, that those who are skilled in the nature and use of the language they speak, are almost universally persons of acceptable address; and though they may frequently have but little to say, their knowledge of the power of words enables them to say it in a way that cannot fail to interest and impress those that hear. To teach the reader more certainly what I mean, I take the liberty to present a specimen of each, and I select by personal knowledge. I knew a young man who graduated at a respectable college, with but little proficiency in language; but in mathematics second to none. Upon leaving college, he entered the ministry, and in study pursued his usual course, neglecting the language in which he endeavored to teach; and the result now is, though a giant in intellect, possessed of resources rarely to be found in one so young, he is uninteresting and unpopular, both in private circles and in his public ministrations; and if he write it is no better. Only two or three weeks since, I read one of his letters to a friend; and if some previously known circumstances had not thrown light upon its contents, I could scarcely have told what it was about. I knew another who passed his collegiate course without scarcely learning what mathematics are; for though he graduated, a plain problem in Simple Equations would prove itself too much for him. He, however, became enamored with language, and especially with his own. He was fond of it, even to passion, and studied it intensely. He labored with its varied beauties, until (for himself) he rectified its few deformities. He is now also in professional life, and may be, and by many is taken as a model in our *diction*. As a speaker, he is admired by all, and multitudes delighted, listen to his words as they fall in flowing numbers with dulcet sweetness from his lips.

If utility is to be the measure of value, which of these, with equal capital, (natural abilities being equal,) has accomplished the most? And how infinitely better would both have done than either, if the former had joined to his latent strength the fluency of the latter, or if the latter to his profusion of expression had added the profundity and variety of the former? Then we might have had two stars shining in their lofty spheres, to bless the world with their genial influence, the piety of their counsels, and the richness of their instructions, instead of two fractions, who, separated as they are, are for ever incapable of doing the service of one.

Moreover, I give the study of our own language a

preference, because it has an advantage almost peculiar to itself. I mean the direct, daily, and hourly use we make of it. In science generally, we study not absolutely for the sake of what we study, but for the intellectual benefit to be derived from the exercise of study. For instance, we labor with a demonstration of Euclid, or a solution in algebra, not merely for the sake of the demonstration or solution itself, for we may live many years in secular or even professional life, and never again have occasion to use them; we, nevertheless, have acquired by them a habit of deep and penetrating thought upon intricate topics, which is of important service to us at every step; and this is a gain truly inestimable.

In our own language it is not so. It has an advantage above this. Here the very science we study is a continual, direct, and practical instrument in our hands, which we necessarily use at all times, in all places, and on all occasions, in the accomplishment of our purposes; and even when we come to a throne of grace, to breathe out our petitions to our Maker, (a duty and privilege which, in their discharge and enjoyment, require, for the time being, the dismissal of *all* other topics,) as the consecrated moments fly, in this sacred intercourse with Heaven, we have in the subject of our former studies helps to a felicitous spirit of importunity, which, to creatures related to a superior, as we are to our Creator, are beyond all conception invaluable.

Again, we give the study of the language we use a preference, because the exercise of acquiring it confers improvement upon the heart as well as upon the mind. Other studies in science have to do exclusively with the *intellect*; but this affects the moral feelings, and has a happy tendency to induce noble sentiments, and improve piety, and also to rectify and harmonize our peevish nature. It does this most effectually in the following way. We study our vernacular as a medium of communication; and since success, in all our efforts, to instruct or entertain, depends upon our manner, our natural ambition will always prompt us to make the best selections, and to adopt the happiest arrangement in the words and forms of expression we employ. Our laudable emulation to excel will not only prompt us to secure a happy manner, but as we succeed in the effort, unless we are totally vitiated, we will have misgivings about employing it upon inferior subjects, and, whether conscious of it at the time or not, we will be searching for loftier themes. This will enlist our thoughts upon topics that are worthy; and as we become refined in our tastes and feelings, we will the more disdain the tame and the vulgar, and will aspire with fervor to the elevated and the noble. This process will invariably induce strong preferences for whatever is good, and although we sought it not, by this means we shall find ourselves raised in the scale of virtue; and as our improved thoughts and feelings become habitual, we shall be established in our elevation. Here will be a source of purer enjoyment to ourselves, and of greater blessing to others. This, to an indefinite extent, will be the ultimate result of all faithful labor

in the acquisition of our own language; and the person, male or female, whose feelings are thus refined, and properly directed, is next to that one whose heart has been converted by divine grace, and who enjoys the richer repasts of a Savior's love. My communication is now lengthened, and for the reader's accommodation, if for no other reason, I must stop; but should Providence permit, it shall be continued.



Original.

### THE STARS.

How often have I gazed upon them and said, "What are they!" In childhood I thought them glittering gems, like the bright things of earth, and was delighted to see them sparkling in the heavens; and even since, how oft have I looked upon them with feelings of deep but undefined curiosity!

Though philosophy sublimely reasoned that they are worlds, and form a part of the material creation, yet in the poetry of my feelings, I have imagined they were the wandering spirits of an ethereal world—the bright inhabitants of a region more glorious than our own. I have queried if they were not the arbiters of our fate—the good or evil genii that presided at our nativity, and that still watch over and control the events of our life.

The hoary astronomer of olden time, in his midnight reveries, felt the mysterious influence of these living fires, and yielded his soul to the belief of their magic power. In the darkness of a mind, into which the pure light of Christianity had not shined, he would fain have deified the hosts of heaven, and called them gods which were no gods; and the poet in all time, even he who sings in the blessed light of the Gospel day, has first caught the divine inspiration of the muses, and felt the fires of fancy glow and burn within him, while contemplating the varying beauty of the stars. The ancients, in the depth of their poetical imaginings, listened to the music of the spheres; and the ear of the pious modern, whose imagination is not less vivid in conception, with more truth and reason, nightly hears the chorus of the stellar lights in harmonious measure repeating—

"The Hand that made us is divine."

Myriads of years have rolled away since first that star beamed forth in its brightness. The "orb now o'er me quivering," was one of the radiant band that hymned the birth of this fair creation. Adam, happy in paradise, saw it set, a bright gem in the coronet of the skies. Noah, from the world of waters, looked out upon it, and was gladdened by its peaceful ray. From the plains of Bethlehem the shepherds descried it, when summoned from their midnight watch, they hastened to behold and adore the infant Savior.

The devout worshiper of the burning god gazes upon it as the purest emblem of his deity of fire. The Christian, with stronger trust, and more of joy and love in his heart, likens it to the star of faith, that shines with most enlivening beam in the season of the deepest gloom, or (without impiety in the thought) to that glo-

rious Being, who, in the language of inspiration, is "the bright and morning star."

There is poetry in the stars, and I love to gaze at them. The calculating astronomer may teach us to view them as bodies governed by fixed laws; but even then free scope is left to the imagination. Conjecture may weary herself in attempts to span the immeasurable extent that stretches between us, and to penetrate the deep mystery that envelops them. Are they the abodes of creatures like ourselves, subject to change and decay, or do beings of celestial mold expatiate amid the pure light of their ever-during brightness? Has sin ever entered those fair domains, bearing with it sorrow, pain and death, or do its inhabitants enjoy the bliss of purity and innocence? If fallen, have they ever listened to the wonderful story of a Savior's love, or sighed for a higher and better state of existence?

These are questions which philosophy may vainly essay to answer. They are, and ever will be "a sealed book," which the speculations of mortals may not open; but so long as the contemplation of the stars gives pleasure to the mind, or serves to elevate the heart in thoughtful devotion to Him who dwells above the stellar spheres, so long shall the philosopher, the poet, and the Christian direct his eye to them in wonder and admiration, and with adoring gratitude bless the divine Architect of nature, not only that he thus spreads out before us the wonders of his great creation, but that he also gives us, creatures of a day, beings of a span's breadth as we are, capacities and powers that fit us to perceive and admire the grandeur of his works—that enable us, in a measure, to pry into the secrets of his creation, and even to find out a part of God himself.

SOPHIA.



Original.

### EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVES

BY MISS DE FOREST.

"WHAT shali I love?" exclaimed a gentle girl whose brow wore yet the innocence of childhood; and in her simplicity she answered, "I will love this little flower. It is very beautiful. I will shelter it from the rude winds, lest they ruffle its leaves. I will shield it from the burning heat of noon, and it will bloom on year after year, to repay me for my care." The rose-bud flourished, as well it might, and each day beheld the maiden at her pleasant labor.

Well did she redeem her pledge; and among the flowers of the arbor, Helen's rose-tree exceeded all in beauty. There came a summer morn, when the clustering dew-drops mirrored forth the glowing grace which breathed around them; but why was Helen sad? why glistened the tear-drop in her eye? The rose had withered, and never more would its life be renewed. But the silent monitor within, reproving, said, "Why do you weep? Is there nothing else for you to cherish? There are some who have a claim upon your affection,



and whom you had forgotten in your devotion to this fair favorite. Yes; your sister, Ianthe, is seeking a substitute for her accustomed play-mate among her dolls. But they answer not her questions, and she meets with no returning smile." Helen brushed away her tears, and turned to her neglected sister; and she thought, in mingled penitence and hope, "I will no more love an inanimate object; I will smile on those who can smile in return." So, bound in the firm bonds of sisterly affection, Helen and Ianthe passed over the hours of childhood. But like the blush on the rose-tree, the beauty of Ianthe began to fade; and ere she had numbered fifteen summers, Helen stood by the grave of her sister, and said, in the agony of her heart, "I will never love again."

Months rolled on, and the saddened brow of the maiden gave place to cheerfulness; for again she had learned to love—most fondly—most devotedly; and he whom she trusted seemed deserving. Who could look upon that noble brow and suspect deceit? Helen could not. So with confidence she pledged her hand and heart to one who estimated not their value. Then came there a change upon his countenance; and the gloom of discontent seemed impressed upon his spirit. Yet had he a smile for each and for all but her, his uncomplaining Helen. She saw that one more beautiful than she had stolen the heart of her betrothed; and with firmness she released him from his vow, and forebore reproach. Then were the warm affections of her bosom again flung forth, as if to seek a resting-place; and when, like the fabled dove of olden time, they found it not on earth, they came back to their own desolate home. In the ruin of her dearest hopes, Helen felt that there was nothing more for her to love on earth; for a depressed mind had clad all things in its own sombre hue. Then again whispered the monitor of conscience, "You have erred in that you have idolized the things of earth—you have leaned upon a broken reed. Look beyond this world of vanity—look upward, and there you will find a home where death and sin have no admittance—'where the weary are at rest,' and 'where love changeth not.' Love your God supremely, and you will be happy." With tears of penitence, the erring one received the admonition. She sent forth to heaven those burning aspirations which she had vainly thought to satisfy below; and they returned not empty, for they brought with them the olive branch of peace. She threw herself on the mercy of a pardoning God, and through faith in his atonement beheld her name written in the book of life. She remembered her past life as a wayward dream, in which her eyes had been closed to her true happiness, and she saw why it had been a scene of disappointment. The rose had withered in her grasp—her beautiful sister been torn from her embrace—and that last cup of bitter sorrow been poured out unto her, ere she had learned that all below is vanity. But now a look of sweet contentment animated her countenance—that love which "endureth all things" adorned her character, and she said no more, "I will never love again!"

Original.

## DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH'S HOST.

BY F. HUMPHREYS.

THE waves were proudly dashing  
Across the stormy sea,  
And lightnings red were flashing,  
Athwart the murky sky;  
Each side the mountains swelling,  
Were lost among the clouds,  
While host on host impelling,  
The narrow valley crowds.

Then Israel seemed forsaken,  
And sorrow heaved each breast,  
As forest leaves are shaken  
Before the rushing blast;  
For Pharaoh was advancing  
With cohorts wide and deep,  
With plume and banner glancing,  
Like sunlight o'er the deep.

But Moses stood entreating—  
His rod was o'er the sea,  
And those proud waves retreating,  
Back to their caves they flee:  
On either side now piling,  
Those walls of water swell,  
While Israel's host defiling,  
Pass safe the yawning dell.

On, on that host of foemen  
Come fast with fury's shout,  
And chariot, spear, and bowmen  
Rush down that dreadful route;  
Now back those waves returning,  
With sudden vengeance flow—  
Jehovah's anger burning,  
Chains all in death below.

The lonely sea-boy, sailing  
Upon his storm-toss'd bark,  
Thinks oft he hears their wailing  
Come faintly through the dark;  
And sailors listen nightly,  
Beneath the long-boat's side,  
And hold their breath, as lightly  
They tell how Pharaoh died.

—•••••

"BEAUTY! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before!  
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?  
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;  
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
Riots unscar'd."

Original.

## GONE IN THEIR BEAUTY.

BY E. H. HATCHER.

Suggested by the death of Augustus N. and Mary Jane Ellis, of  
Spring Hill, Tennessee.

THEY are gone in their beauty to slumber,  
In the dreamless and shadowy bed  
Of the grave, and henceforth we shall number  
Their names with the beautiful dead!  
Though miss'd from the circle, for ever,  
Of kindred, like stars from the sky,  
When gone down in darkness, yet never  
The light of their mem'ry shall die!

They were stars in the beautiful heaven  
Of friendship, and links in the chain  
Of love and affection, now riven,  
Never to be mended again!  
The song of the bird in the bower,  
The wind and the rivulet's roar,  
The rustling of leaf and of flower,  
Shall fall on their ears never more!

In youth they are fallen to perish!  
Their virtues we cannot forget:  
The hearts of their kindred shall cherish  
Their names with a ceaseless regret,  
But there is above us a heaven,  
Where spirits immortal may reign;  
And there do we hope to be given  
To their fondest embraces again.

Original.

## TO ANN.

DEAR ANN, it is spring time with thee,  
The landscape is blooming with flowers,  
Where patience is taught by the bee,  
And music by birds in the bowers.

How fragrant and fresh is the air,  
How balmy and healthful the breeze—  
The robes of the valley how fair,  
And the foliage how green on the trees!

The heart is now charmed with the scene,  
But soon it will burst with a sigh;  
For all that is lovely and green  
Shall certainly wither and die.

The cares of the world will oppress,  
And the mind be covered with gloom,  
When youth is disrobed of its dress,  
And age totters down to the tomb.

But beyond is a heaven of rest  
Where joys are eternally new;  
Till we meet where saints are all blest,  
Dear Ann, I must bid you adieu.

CAROLINE.

Original.

## THE RIVALS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THREE youthful sons, a widow'd matron's pride,  
Of yore, in filial emulation vied,  
To bring, each one, some tribute from his store,  
To prove the depth of filial love he bore.

The *first* a monument of costly stone,  
With sculptured figures, by a master done,  
Erected on a base of Parian white—  
Emblem of love—firm—changeless—fair as light.

Well pleased, the appointed JUDGES stand awhile,  
To view the piece—then wonder with a smile  
What equal token either else could bear,  
Which with the first might hopefully compare.

Not long they waited; for, with quickened pace,  
The *second* came, o'er her fair form to place  
A garland wrought of flowers so rich and rare,  
As only princely brow was fit to wear.

With admiration fresh the judges view  
This second tribute of affection true,  
And thought, in vain the third could hope to bring  
A richer, more expressive offering

They waited long, with anxious look and mien;  
At length, with bowl and polished lancet seen,  
He firmly pauses by his mother's side,  
And from his arm pours forth a crimson tide.

"What nobler tribute could I offer here,  
To prove affection—deep—unending—pure—  
Than thus to draw the vital stream," he cried,  
"Which her own beating heart at first supplied!"

The gushing tears bedim each judge's eye,  
As he beholds the copious crimson'd dye,  
With which this noble son resolved to blend  
His mother's memory and his youthful end.

The fading circlet round that mother's brow,  
The monument of sculptured marble, now  
Became mementoes of the illustrious dead—  
The mother's spirit with her son's had fled!

The judges gather round the silent forms—  
A son clasp'd by the lifeless mother's arms,  
And with united voice the palm bestow  
On him who thus could his devotion show.

W

"HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good;  
But from whose holy piercing eye,  
The herd of fools and villains fly.  
O, how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
Which innocence and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts."



## NOTICES.

**STEPHENS' INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, AND YUCATAN.**—This is a book of wonders. It does not exactly make a new revelation in regard to American Antiquities, but it ascertains to us the truth of former almost unheeded statements, respecting the venerable and imposing ruins of American temples, cities, &c. Mr. Stephens' book records the comic, perilous, and semi-tragic events of a tour of three thousand miles in the interior of Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan. In these journeyings he visited eight ruined cities, and by the aid of Mr. Catherwood, obtained illustrations of the ruins by drawings taken on the spot. The drawings are engraved, and accompany the volume to the number of nearly two hundred, adding exceedingly to the interest of the work.

The first ruins visited by Mr. Stephens, on his way to Guatemala, were those of Copan. The description and illustration of these ruins occupy almost sixty pages of his work. On approaching the Copan river, conducted by a guide who was to show him the ruins, he says:

"Here we dismounted, and, tying our mules to trees near by, entered the woods, Jose clearing a path before us with a machete; soon we came to the bank of a river, and saw directly opposite a stone wall, perhaps a hundred feet high, with furze growing out of the top, running north and south along the river, in some places fallen, but in others entire. It had more the character of a structure than any we had ever seen, ascribed to the aborigines of America, and formed part of the wall of Copan, an ancient city, on whose history books throw but little light.

"I am entering abruptly upon new ground. Volumes without number have been written to account for the first peopling of America. By some the inhabitants of this continent have been regarded as a separate race, not descended from the same common father with the rest of mankind; others have ascribed their origin to some remnant of the antediluvian inhabitants of the earth, who survived the deluge which swept away the greatest part of the human species in the days of Noah, and hence have considered them the most ancient race of people on the earth. Under the broad range allowed by a descent from the sons of Noah, the Jews, the Canaanites, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Scythians in ancient times; the Chinese, the Swedes, the Norwegians, the Welsh, and the Spaniards in modern, have had ascribed to them the honor of peopling America. The two continents have been joined together and rent asunder by the shock of an earthquake; the fabled island of Atlantis has been lifted out of the ocean; and, not to be behind-hand, an enterprising American has turned the tables on the Old World, and planted the ark itself within the state of New York.

"The monuments and architectural remains of the aborigines have heretofore formed but little part of the ground-work for these speculations. Dr. Robertson, in his *History of America*, lays it down as 'a certain principle, that America was not peopled by any nation of the ancient continent which had made considerable progress in civilization.' 'The inhabitants of the New World,' he says, 'were in a state of society so extremely rude as to be unacquainted with those arts which are the first essays of human ingenuity in its advance toward improvement.' Discrediting the glowing accounts of Cortez and his companions, of soldiers, priests, and civilians, all concurring in representations of the splendor exhibited in the buildings of Mexico, he says that the 'houses of the people were mere huts, built with turf, or mud, or the branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians.' The temple of Cholula was nothing more than 'a mound of earth, without any steps or any facing of stone, covered with grass and shrubs;' and, on the authority of persons long resident in New Spain, and who professed to have visited every part of it, he says that 'there is not, in all the extent of that vast empire, a single monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the conquest.' At that time, distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian; but since Dr. Robertson wrote, a new flood of light has poured upon the world, and the field of American antiquities has been opened.

"The ignorance, carelessness, and indifference of the inhabitants of Spanish America on this subject are matter of wonder. In our own country, the opening of forests and the discovery of tumuli or mounds and fortifications, extending in ranges from the lakes through the vallies of the Ohio and Mississippi, mummies in a cave in Kentucky, the inscription on the rock at Dighton, supposed to be in Phœnician characters, and the ruins of walls and a great city in Arkansas and Wisconsin territory, had suggested wild and wandering ideas in regard to the first peopling of this country, and the strong belief that powerful and populous nations had occupied it and had passed away, whose histories are entirely unknown. The same evidences continue in Texas, and in Mexico they assume a still more definite form.

"The first new light thrown upon this subject as regards Mexico was by the great Humboldt, who visited that country at a time when, by the jealous policy of the government, it was almost as much closed against strangers as China is now. No man could have better deserved such fortune. At that time the monuments of the country were not a leading object of research; but Humboldt collected from various sources information and drawings, particularly of Mitla, or the Vale of the Dead; Xochicalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, and called the Hill of Flowers; and the great pyramid or Temple of Cholula he visited himself, of all which his own eloquent account is within reach of the reader. Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the Vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, or, at least, he never visited them. It is but lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts, however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity though I ought perhaps to say that both Mr. C. and I were somewhat skeptical, and when we arrived at Copan, it was with the hope, rather than the expectation, of finding wonders."

We give this extract to our readers as a token of the character, in part, of the book. Its "incidents," aside from these descriptions of ruined structures and buried cities, are similar in style and interest to those contained in his journal of oriental travels. The book is more interesting than any novel, and withal, may be read with real profit.

**SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FOREIGN EVANGELICAL SOCIETY: Presented May 11, 1841.**—This society is laboring for the revival of Christianity in countries nominally Christian. Its field is Continental Europe. The Report exhibits in a most interesting light of gradual change and improvement, the various kingdoms of this part of the world. The American society is laboring in concert with other evangelical societies, of which there are several. Lille, Lyons, Strasbourg and Bordeaux in France have each one. That at Geneva is the most efficient. The Report states that

"The Evangelical Society of Geneva has three great departments of labor. 1. Colportage; 2. Evangelization, technically so called; and 3, the training of young men for the work of God in its Theological School. It is not our intention to dwell long on each of these great operations of the society. We shall here merely give a summary, and refer to the Appendix of the Report the letters in which the brethren of that noble society speak to the committee in detail, most happily and fraternally. From these documents it will be perceived that the Evangelical Society has taken a still greater expansion this year than it did last. In the work of colportage it has employed during the winter, 60 regular and 12 irregular colporteurs, who have been busily occupied in distributing the sacred Scriptures and religious tracts, visiting from house to house, holding meetings, etc., in 15 of the departments of France which are nearest to Switzerland."

These societies, European and American, are accomplishing a work of vital importance in its relations to the conversion of the world. May they be prospered by the Head of the Church.

**THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler.** By Sir David Brewster.—This production, constituting No. 130 of Harpers' Family Library, combines in a high degree the useful and entertaining. This book

will teach small writers to bear with patience small disappointments; for it shows how great men suffered in the midst of their greatness. The connection which the labors of these four men had with important astronomical discoveries, renders their biography peculiarly interesting to the lovers of that beautiful science.

**A SUMMER JOURNEY IN THE WEST.** By Mrs. Steele.—This is a tastefully written sketch of scenes in nature and in life, as they were presented to the authoress in a journey through the lakes, the prairies, and the rivers of the west, and in her return over the Alleghany mountains to the east. It is written in the form of letters, which afford the writer the advantage of a familiar, epistolary style. This adds a charm to the volume. It commences with her departure from New York to Albany. We select a few paragraphs from the letter which describes this city:

"MY DEAR E.—As much as we had heard of Cincinnati, we were astonished at its beauty and extent, and of the solidity of its buildings. It well merits the name bestowed upon it here—*Queen of the West*. We have explored it thoroughly by riding and walking, and pronounce it a wonderful city. The hotel to which we were recommended, the Broadway House, was commodious and well conducted. The family is a very agreeable one, and well educated, but remain in their own private apartments. There are numerous other hotels of all descriptions, but none rival it, unless it may be the new one called the Henrie House. Soon after breakfast we ordered a carriage, which we found to be quite as handsome as any we have in our city. We spent the morning slowly driving up and down each street, along the Miami canal, and in the environs of the city in every direction, and were quite astonished—not because we had never seen larger and finer cities, but that this should have arisen in what was so lately a wilderness. Its date, you know, is only thirty years back. The rows of stores and ware-houses; the thirty churches, many of them very handsome, and other public buildings, excited our surprise. Main-street is the principal business mart. While in the centre of this street, we mark it for a mile ascending the slope upon which the town is built, and in front it seems interminable, for the river being low, we do not observe that we are looking across it to the street of the opposite city of Covington, until a steamboat passing, tells us where the city ends. Broadway is another main artery of this city; not, however, devoted to business, but bounded upon each side by rows of handsome dwellings. Third, Fourth, Seventh, Vine, and many other streets, show private houses not surpassed by any city we had witnessed. They are generally extensive, and surrounded by gardens, and almost concealed from view of the passers, by groves of shade-trees and ornamental shrubbery. An accidental opening among the trees shows you a glimpse of a piazza or pavilion, where, among groves and gardens, the air may be enjoyed by the children or ladies of the family."

**ADDRESS before the Phi Delta Sigma Society of Cincinnati College.** By John P. Harrison, M. D.—Dr. Harrison is a popular and gifted orator, and several of his occasional addresses which have fallen into our hands, were well written. But we prefer this to those which have gone before it. Its theme is, "Discouragements to the attainment of a sound and accurate Scholarship." These discouragements are justly represented to be defects in our collegiate institutions as to endowments and course of instruction—insufficient scholastic preparation for the learned professions—the want of a field for the exercise of literary attainments—and the spirit of society. The style of the address is ornamented and glowing, yet not beyond the limits of the orator's license. It is a chaste and valuable production.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE following notice of literary institutions under the patronage of the New York annual conference, is from the New York Express:

"EDUCATION AMONG THE METHODISTS.—Few religious bo-

dies are now more active in the cause of education than the Methodists. The New York conference closed its annual session recently in this city, embracing in its geographical boundaries only, this state south of Albany, and Connecticut as far west as Hartford. The numbers in society are 36,520—preachers upwards of 200. The conference annually requires a report upon the subject of education—a most excellent plan—from which we gather the following interesting items:—

"*Wesleyan University*, at Middletown. Its receipts were last year over \$19,000—about 100 of the students are professors of Christianity, and the moral deportment of the whole institution is proverbially excellent among the citizens of that most beautiful place. The professorship created by the conference last year, is to be called the 'Fisk Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Belles Lettres.'

"*Preparatory School*, at same place. Number of scholars limited to 30. Some of our most respectable citizens have their sons here, and every facility for English and classical instruction afforded by their excellent teacher, Daniel H. Chase, A. M.

"*Middletown Female Seminary*.—This school was opened last fall, and has already more than 50 scholars. It is highly prosperous—the studies, ancient and modern languages—the sciences and arts. The chemical and philosophical apparatus, telescopes, &c., are very abundant and complete.

"*The Amenia Seminary*, near Poughkeepsie, is a successful school. During the short period it has been carried on, 200 students have made a public profession of religion. Many have entered the University, and several have become ministers of the Gospel. We may add that the literary character of the institution has been highly commended.

"*The White Plains Academy and Female Institute* is another flourishing literary establishment, located at the beautiful village whose name it bears.

"*The Port Chester Institute* is another literary institution about to be opened. A suitable edifice has been erected at this point, easy of access by stages and steamboats.

"It is certainly cheering to the friends of literature to witness the means of its advancement multiplying so abundantly, and highly praiseworthy that the Methodist Episcopal Church is thus affording every opportunity for a religious and thorough education to their vast and widely extending connection."

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, who was among the most gifted American writers, and an amiable man, died the Christian's death on the 12th day of June last. The Rev. Dr. Duchacher, in a letter to Mr. Clark's twin brother, says, among other things:

"At four o'clock on Friday, P. M., the day before his death, I saw him again, he himself having selected the time, thinking that he was strongest in the afternoon. He assured me that he enjoyed a sweet peace in his mind, and that he had no apprehension about death. He was 'ready to depart' at any moment. Leaving him, after an hour's interview, I promised to return on Saturday, A. M., at ten o'clock, and to administer baptism to him then. This was done accordingly, in the presence of his father-in-law, and three or four other friends and connections, whom he had summoned to his bed, as he told me, for the express purpose of letting them see his determination to profess the faith of the Gospel which in life he had so long neglected. It was a solemn, moving sight; one of the most interesting and affecting I ever saw. More devotion, humility, and placid confidence in God, I never saw in any sick man. He told me he felt a happy persuasion that when he passed from this miserable world and that enfeebled body, he should enter upon 'the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' He asked: 'Do you observe how these words labor to convey the idea of Heaven's blessedness to our feeble minds? The 'inheritance incorruptible!' Beautiful thought! 'Undefiled!'—more beautiful still! 'That fadeth not away!'—most beautiful of all! I think I understand something of the peace and glory these redoubled words were designed to express.' And then, raising his wasted hand, with great emphasis, he said, 'I shall soon know all about it, I trust!'"

Such is the testimony of the gifted and the admired to the divinity and the excellence of the Christian religion.